

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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This picture of Margaret Leighton, wearing a Molyneux gown, was taken on 'Kodak' colour film ('Ektachrome'). It won the 50 guinea premier award in the colour section of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica British News Pictures of the Year', competition. The picture was taken by Russell Westwood, 'Illustrated' photographer.

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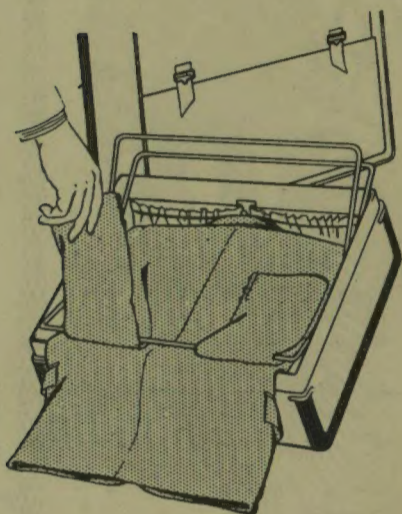
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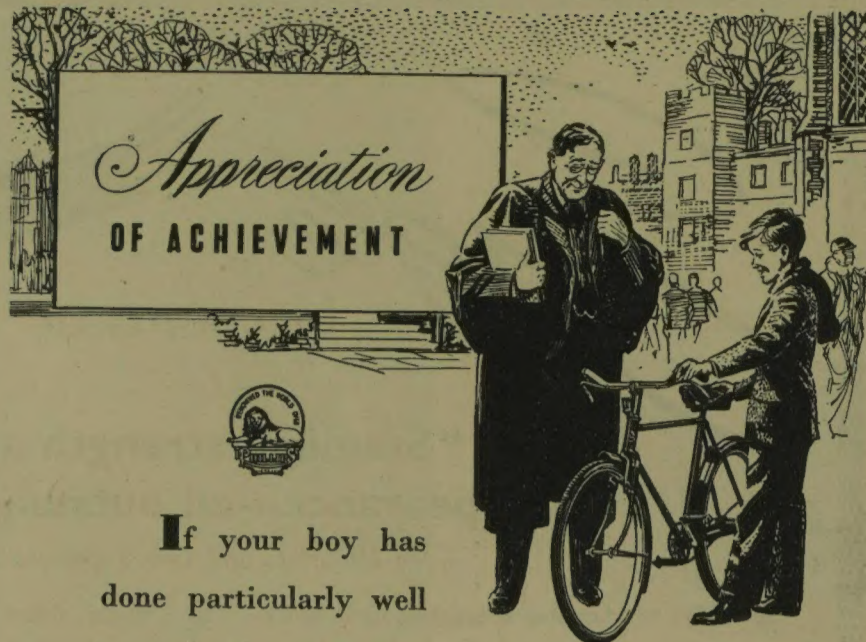
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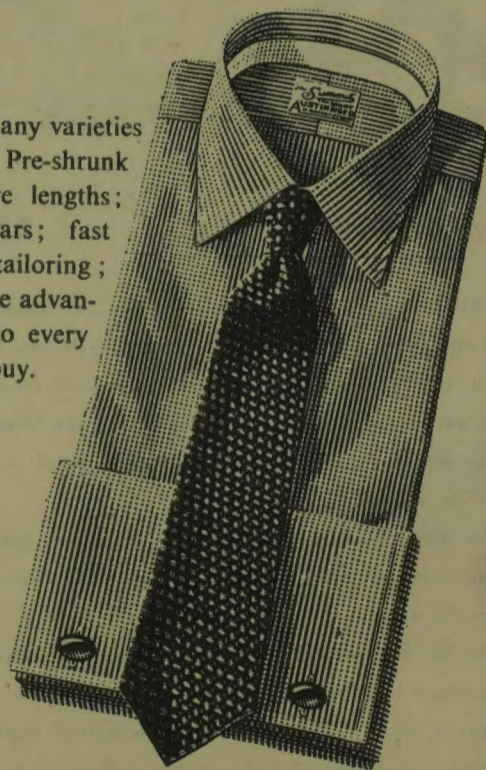
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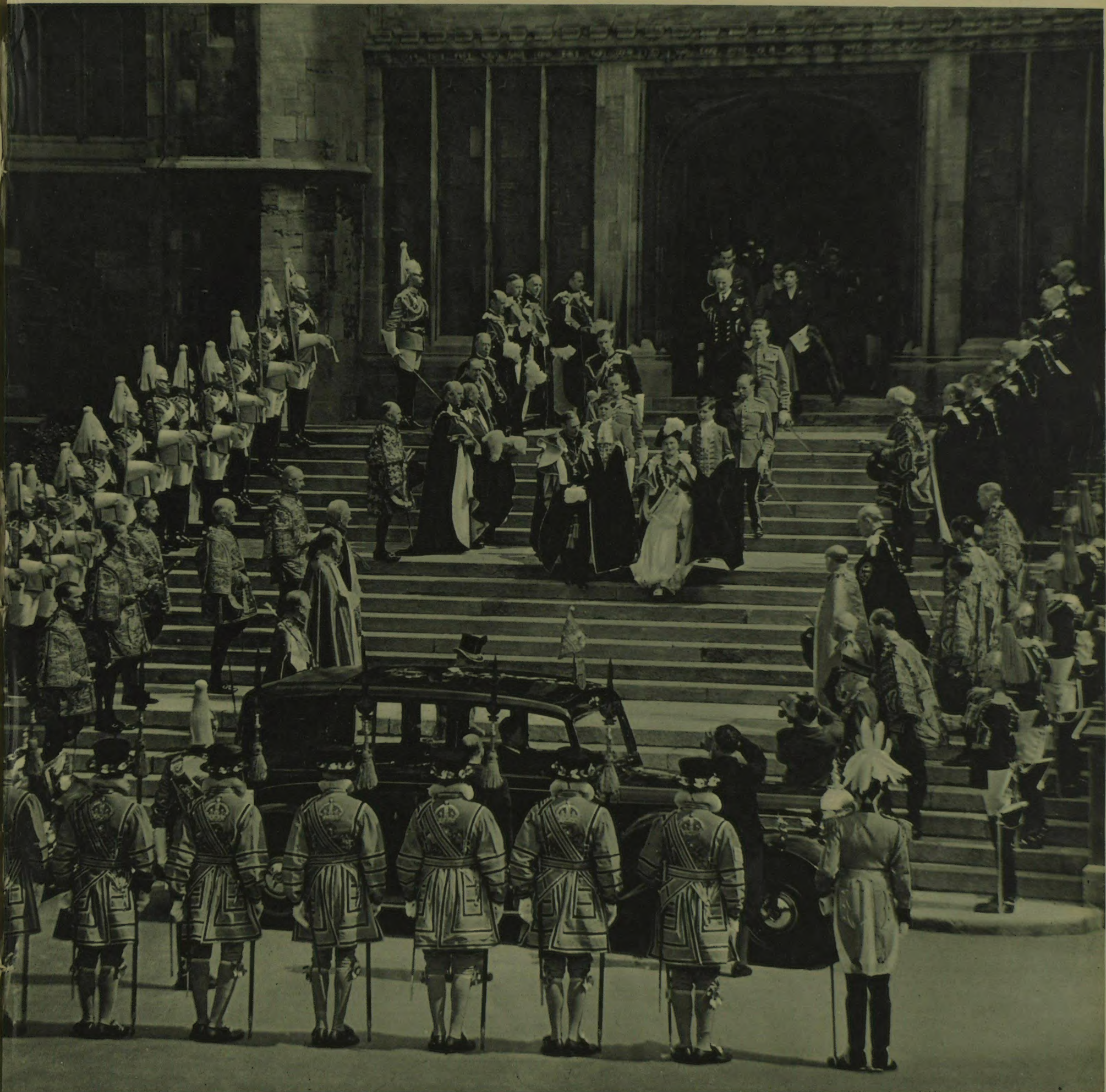
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SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1950.



THE SPLENDOUR WHICH SURROUNDS THE ANNUAL SERVICE OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER: THEIR MAJESTIES LEAVING ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, IN PROCESSION, WITH THEIR RETINUE.

The glorious colour and impressive pageantry attending the annual service of the Most Noble Order of the Garter in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on April 27, was lit by a fleeting burst of spring sunshine, although the day was chill and wintry. The King and Queen, the Sovereign and the First Lady of the Order, are shown in our photograph descending the steps of the Chapel after the service. Their blue velvet

trains were borne by scarlet-clad pages and the stairs were lined by a Guard of Honour of the Household Cavalry in full dress, while a detachment of the King's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard was also on duty. The Knights Companions, the Officers of the Order, and the Officers of Arms, in their resplendent mediæval tabards, added further to the brilliance of the scene.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

JUST over fifty years ago, the editorial chair of this journal passed to the *doyen* of British editors, who still holds it. At that time Bruce Ingram, the son of a former managing director and grandson of the pioneer who had founded the paper in 1842, was not yet quite twenty-three. After a Winchester and Trinity College, Oxford, education, and some technical training with a lithographic firm, he had served his first journalistic apprenticeship by editing the *English Illustrated Magazine* with the help of a secretary and an office-boy. Then, at the turn of the century, the directors of *The Illustrated London News* had entrusted him with the production of a special Transvaal War Supplement, and the great success that he achieved with it encouraged them to give him a chance to show, young though he was, what he could do. The editorship falling vacant at that moment, he was appointed probationary editor of the great journal whose destinies he has controlled, so brilliantly, creatively and yet unobtrusively, for the past half-century.

It was no light responsibility for a young man, for the paper was not going through an easy time, and the old, secure Victorian world in which it had grown to maturity was already beginning to disintegrate. The preservation of a great tradition in an age of change requires an alert, adaptable and imaginative mind. Bruce Ingram possessed this, and knew how, in the teeth of competition of an entirely novel kind, to keep the esteem of an old public and win the favour of a new, without sacrificing the standards of quality, integrity and fine taste which had always distinguished *The Illustrated London News*, and which he was steadily, throughout his long editorship, to enhance.

Within the first year of his editorship an opportunity arose to prove his mettle, one calling for qualities of skill, endurance and ingenuity that would have taxed the qualities of the most experienced editor. At the beginning of 1901 Queen Victoria fell ill, and her death—an event which seemed to our fathers like the end of an era—became imminent. For the editor of a national, and international, illustrated newspaper this involved the publication, not only of special numbers, but of the ordinary issue at twice its normal size.

While all these had to be produced simultaneously, it was essential to avoid any delay in the current issue, lest the normal supply to the newsagents—a newspaper's life-stream—should be interrupted. But owing to the fact that Queen Victoria hovered on the brink of death till twelve hours before the last moment at which the paper had to go to press, the young editor, faced with an otherwise impossible last-minute task, prepared two parallel numbers, both of double size, the one dealing only with the Queen's illness, the other to come out in the event of her death. In those days photographs were comparatively little used in the illustrated papers, and almost the entire ground had to be covered by drawings. In spite of these almost insuperable difficulties, Bruce Ingram, after remaining continuously in his office for four days and three nights, emerged with his task triumphantly completed. Subsequently, in his novel idea of covering the Queen's funeral with a Panorama Number of a format double the size of the ordinary page, he achieved a remarkable success, and one which brought a rich reward to the paper.

How magnificently he has since carried out the trust committed to him at the beginning of the century can be seen by looking at any one of the 2600 issues of the journal which he has since, week by week, brought into the world. No one but a very great editor could have maintained and steadily enhanced such a standard over so long a period. It has been a national and imperial service of high magnitude, for

The Illustrated London News is Britain's principal export journal: an ambassador of her good name and way of life which has penetrated throughout the whole of this long span of time into every part of the world. Among the great events covered by the period of Bruce Ingram's editorship have been the two greatest wars of human history—during one of which he temporarily relinquished his chair to join a battery in France and win the Military Cross—the Russian, Chinese and German Revolutions; the mastery of the air, the coming of the cinema and radio, a number of wonderful scientific discoveries, and the horrible inventions of poison gas and the atomic bomb; the rise of the Fascist and Nazi dictatorships; the Spanish Civil War; the "New Deal" in America; the re-creation of the Irish, Polish and

its editor, has been the friend of every generous and liberal cause, and has always remained in the broad stream of British patriotism and honour. It has mirrored a changing world for its contemporaries, and has provided for posterity a permanent yet living representation of great events unequalled, I believe, by any other source. For I doubt if any historian of the future, who wishes to call up the scenes of, say, the Battle of Britain or the retreat from Mons, will find any record so balanced, vivid and comprehensive as in these wonderfully edited pages.

Bruce Ingram brought to his task wide learned and artistic interests and, without sacrificing the paper's general appeal, has infused them into its character. As a boy he became interested in archaeology, largely the chance discovery of an ancient

Egyptian tomb in which he and his elder brother were all but buried. Through the medium of *The Illustrated London News* he has helped to make archaeology, a subject formerly restricted to specialists, of interest to a wide public; among the paper's many triumphs in this field have been the treatment of the Tutankhamen treasures and the great finds at Ur, and the wonderful photograph of the Coelacanth, caught in deep water off the African coast, a fish which scientists believed to have been extinct for hundreds of thousands of years—a discovery likened by an official of the Natural History Museum to the appearance of a dinosaur in Trafalgar Square.

As valuable to the journal and its readers has been its Editor's lifelong love and knowledge of the fine arts. He has repeatedly placed this love and its fruits at the service of the country; one of the latest examples of this was his presentation of the Battle of Britain Scroll of Honour, now preserved as a permanent memorial of England's greatness in the Battle of Britain Chapel in Westminster Abbey. He began by collecting mediæval furniture, tapestry, silver and manuscripts as a young man, and many of his finds, like the beautiful stained-glass window given to Winchester and now on loan in the Fitzwilliam Museum, have become, through his generosity, public property. His later collection of Van de Velde paintings and drawings is probably the finest in private hands in the world, rivalling that of the National Maritime Museum. As a result of this life-long passion, most of the beautiful objects which have become matters of public interest during the past few decades have been illustrated in these pages. One of Bruce Ingram's many services to the paper and to British journalism was to introduce into this country the photogravure process which has gradually taken the place of half-tone.

In the last resort, an editor's achievement is to be found in the hearts of those who read his paper. Having had the privilege of serving under Bruce Ingram as a regular contributor for fourteen years, I can speak from personal knowledge of letters from

every part of the world, and most of all from the outposts of the British Empire, testifying to the feelings of esteem and gratitude in which *The Illustrated London News* is held. I should like to end with a personal tribute of my own. Though always ready with guidance and help, never once, since he entrusted this historic page to me, has this great Editor made any attempt to prevent me from saying anything I wanted to say or to urge me to write anything I did not want to write. The widow of my predecessor, G. K. Chesterton, who wrote this page for thirty-one years without ever missing an issue, told me that his experience had been the same as mine. I can think of no higher tribute to the liberality and magnanimity of an editor's spirit.



BEFORE THE REIGN OF THE UBIQUITOUS PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER: ARTISTS OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" AT WORK ON A SPECIAL NUMBER IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE CENTURY.

The regular artists of *The Illustrated London News* who worked for the paper before events were mainly recorded by photography, were not only gifted from the artistic point of view, but were also skilled in high-speed work. Their trained eyes noted essential features and details, and their representations of events achieved a verisimilitude akin to the faithful records of photography. Our illustration, from a drawing by S. Begg, published in *The Illustrated London News*, shows the following special artists at work at a time of high pressure: (at the table, far side, l. to r.) S. Begg, Max Cowper, C. J. de Lacy (full face); (at the table, right side, l. to r.) A. Forestier (bearded, working at easel), Frederic J. Haenen, H. W. Koekkoek, Caton Woodville is standing (centre, with monocle); and (at easel, right, foreground) is Cyrus Cuneo with (behind him) Norman Wilkinson; and (extreme right) Cecil King. The Editor is shown standing (centre, background) with (behind him, left) his assistant editor.

Jewish States; the Boer, Russo-Japanese, Italian-Turkish, Balkan, Sino-Japanese and Abyssinian wars; and the Spanish and Irish civil wars; the Statute of Westminster; the peaceful achievement of full nationhood within the British Commonwealth of Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, Southern Rhodesia, India, Pakistan, and Ceylon; the constitutional crisis of 1910; the General Strike; the rise to power of the British Labour Party; the economic crisis of 1931; the discovery of the South and North Poles; the sinking of the *Titanic* and *Lusitania*; the great frost of 1947; the deaths of three British Sovereigns and the abdication of a fourth; three Coronations; and eleven General Elections. Through all these tremendous events this journal, thanks to



IN THE EDITORIAL CHAIR WHICH HE HAS OCCUPIED FOR FIFTY YEARS: CAPTAIN BRUCE S. INGRAM, EDITOR OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," WHO THIS MONTH CELEBRATES A HALF-CENTURY OF DIRECTION OF THIS PAPER.

With this number we celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of Captain Bruce S. Ingram's occupation of the Editorial Chair of *The Illustrated London News*. A grandson of Herbert Ingram, who founded the paper in 1842, and second son of the late Sir William Ingram, Bt., Captain Ingram was educated at Winchester and Trinity College, Oxford, where he took honours in Law at the age of twenty. As recorded on another page in this issue, he served with distinction in the R.G.A. in World War I. (1915-1919); and for over forty years was also editor of the *Sketch*, a post he relinquished in 1946. Captain Bruce Ingram is chairman of The Illustrated London

News and Sketch, Ltd. and Editorial Director of Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd. He is Hon. Vice-President of the Society for Nautical Research; Vice-President of the Navy Records Society; Hon. Keeper of Drawings, Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge; and Hon. Adviser on Pictures and Drawings, National Maritime Museum, Greenwich. Among Captain Ingram's achievements as an editor may be counted a remarkable series of special numbers of *The Illustrated London News* recording the death and funeral of Queen Victoria, the Coronations of three Kings of England, and King George V.'s Silver Jubilee. He has also made archæology a subject of interest for Everyman.

Portrait study by Angus McBean.

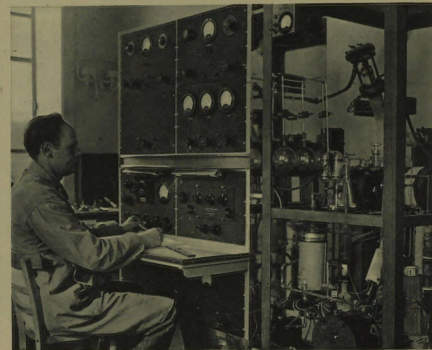
THE NEW H.Q. OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH AT MILL HILL: A MODERN CENTRE WHICH THEIR MAJESTIES



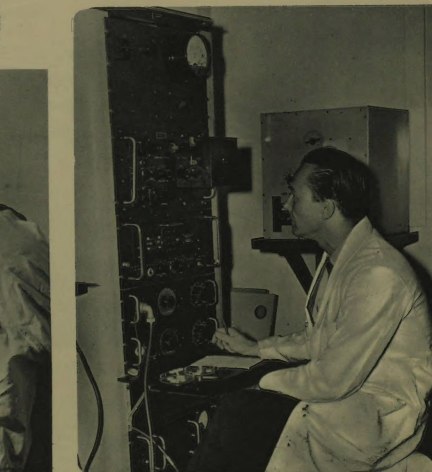
THE NEW HOME OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH: A VIEW OF THE BUILDING AT MILL HILL WHICH WAS DUE TO BE INAUGURATED BY THE KING ON MAY 5.



ABOVE THE LABORATORIES, WHICH OCCUPY THREE FLOORS: THE WELL-EQUIPPED LIBRARY IN THE NEW NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH BUILDING.



USED FOR STABLE ISOTOPE ANALYSES: A MASS SPECTROMETER CONSTRUCTED IN THE INSTITUTE FOR THE DIVISION OF BIOPHYSICS AND OPTICS.



OPERATING THE GEIGER COUNTER FOR DETECTING RADIATION FROM RADIO-ACTIVE ISOTOPES: A MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE AT WORK.

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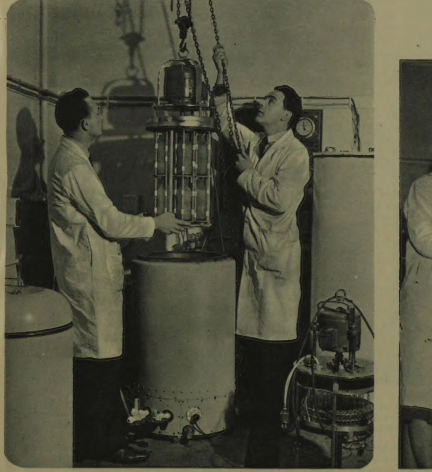
FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH AT MILL HILL: ARRANGED TO INAUGURATE ON MAY 5.



PROVIDED FOR THE SKILLED MAINTENANCE OF SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS AND THE CONSTRUCTION OF SPECIAL TYPES OF EQUIPMENT: THE INSTRUMENT WORKSHOP.



CONTAINING SAMPLES OF RADIO-ACTIVE SUBSTANCES: THE AUTOMATIC COUNTER IN USE AT THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF THE INSTITUTE.



A CORNER OF A LABORATORY, SHOWING THE SPECIALISED EQUIPMENT INSTALLED: FREEZE-DRYING BLOOD PLASMA AT MILL HILL.

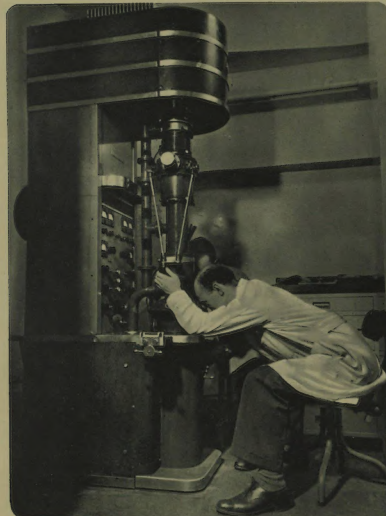


WHERE TROPICAL DISEASES AND TUBERCULOSIS ARE RECEIVING SPECIAL ATTENTION: ONE OF THE FINE LABORATORIES IN THE CHEMOTHERAPY DIVISION AT MILL HILL.

(Continued) diseases. On the ground floor is an instrument workshop, where the complex and valuable equipment can receive skilled maintenance and where special types of equipment not available from commercial sources can be constructed to the research worker's own designs. The division of biophysics and optics, which is responsible for all physical work on radio-active isotopes used in any of the laboratories, has been provided with two electron microscopes, a Tiselius electrophoresis apparatus and a mass spectrometer. The services to every part of the building are comprehensive, and pipes supply hot, cold, pressure and distilled water, compressed air and steam, while both alternating and direct electric current are available. When fully staffed the Institute will have some 100 qualified scientific workers, with assistance, maintenance and administrative staff numbering 250 to 300.



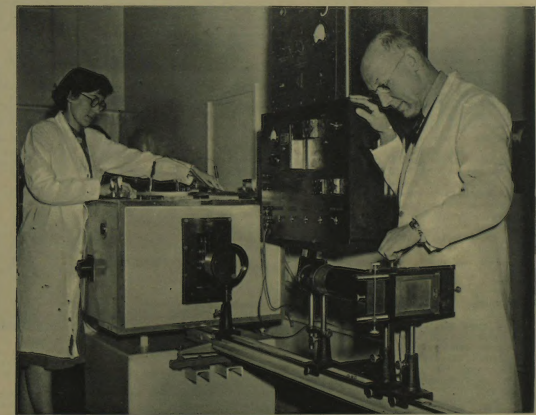
WORKING IN A SPECIAL CHAMBER IN WHICH THE AIR CONTAINS LESS THAN ONE BACTERIUM PER 100 CUBIC FEET: TWO MEMBERS OF THE INSTITUTE CONDUCTING AN EXPERIMENT.



OF GREAT VALUE IN THE WORK OF THE DIVISION OF BIOPHYSICS AND OPTICS: AN ELECTRON MICROSCOPE, GIVING MAGNIFICATION UP TO 20,000 DIAMETERS, IN USE.



WAGING WAR AGAINST OUR WINTER ILLS: A RESEARCH WORKER INOCULATING A FERTILE EGG WITH THE INFLUENZA VIRUS IN THE DIVISION OF CHEMOTHERAPY.



TYPICAL OF THE COMPLEX EQUIPMENT REQUIRED IN MODERN MEDICAL RESEARCH: THE ELECTROPHORESIS APPARATUS FOR MEASURING THE ELECTRICAL PROPERTIES OF PROTEINS IN BLOOD SERUMS.

WHEN, fifty years ago, the new Editor, aged twenty-two, took his place in the chair of *The Illustrated London News*, he cannot have known how much of his long career in that chair was to be devoted to chronicles of warfare and in particular to the activities of the British fighting Services. It is true that the young Mr. Ingram had at that moment, so to speak, a war on his hands—a war which appeared at the time a pretty big affair and which occupied many pages before it was finished—but there seemed no reason to suppose that an era of great wars was approaching and that Britain and the British Empire were to be drawn into the maelstrom of Continental conflicts. The South African War engaged a large number of men and a great deal of interest, but it did not seriously interfere with the course of life at home. It did not produce shortages or restrictions. Those who were not bound by family ties to combatants might well go about their affairs of business or pleasure without reference to it and might almost dismiss it from their minds except for certain phases in which it rose to its most dramatic. The relief of Mafeking was one of these, and produced an extraordinary and even disquieting outburst of emotion on the part of a nation supposed to be unemotional and priding itself thereon. This was an early incident in the career of the new Editor.

Everyone realises that journalism, illustrated journalism in particular, is a highly technical trade. It is obvious that a successful editor has to be able to foresee the effect of illustrations on the printed page—something which, curiously enough, the artist and the photographer often find difficulty in doing. The other half of the editor's task, the formation and development of policy, is less apparent. Here the cautious and prudent are handicapped, at least in the short run, in competition with those for whom brightness is all and who are prepared to damn the consequences if they can attain it. If I were asked to define the most notable characteristic of the dealings with war and the fighting Services by the editorial hand in these pages, I should answer that it had been the maintenance of a very high standard of interest coupled with sobriety of judgment and objectivity in views. This is not a usual combination in any field and certainly not in the contemporary week-to-week depiction of and commentary on warfare. I remarked that devotion to it might be a handicap in the short run. Over a long period, on the other hand, a sound balance and a refusal to be too clever create confidence, the sort of confidence which *The Illustrated London News* has inspired all over the world. Let it be borne in mind that for half a century Captain Ingram has been responsible for policy on military affairs, as on all others.

Glancing briefly at the Army in the years between the South African and the First World War, we may say that it became professional to a much greater extent than before. As a fighting instrument its greatest progress was probably made in the development of artillery, based on the new field-guns bought in secrecy from Germany at the beginning of the century. It obtained a genuine General Staff, not only at the top at home, but at the disposal of commanders in the field, who had previously been furnished with what may be called a glorified military secretariat. Haldane's creation of the Territorials provided it with reserve formations, though when the time came to put them into the field, Kitchener was inclined to distrust them, at least as a basis for expansion, and built up his own New Armies parallel to them. The Navy's rôle was more exciting and sensational. The new *Dreadnought* type of battleship had transformed surface warfare, and its development was accompanied by the great building race started by the challenge of Grand Admiral von Tirpitz. The Army was making progress, but the Navy was living in days of high adventure. Parliament and Press re-echoed the cries of the rivals.

Meanwhile, the present editorship saw the birth of a new fighting Service; for such may be called the formation of the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service, though one was a branch of the Army and the other of the Navy. The editorship had already witnessed the creation

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. FIFTY YEARS OF THE SERVICES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

of the material on which they were mainly founded. It was, in fact, well established when, on December 17, 1903, the Wright brothers made their first free flight in a power-driven, heavier-than-air aircraft. The heavier-than-air school and its material had a rival which was to keep up the struggle for many years. It was at the end of 1912, the year in which the R.F.C. and R.N.A.S. were founded, that the Navy took over the development of all lighter-than-air aircraft and the Army abandoned the experiments it had been making in that field. The new Service—which in the course of the war really became an independent Service with the creation of the Royal Air Force—went to war with some 250 officers and 150 serviceable machines, and emerged from it in November, 1918, with 30,000 and 22,000 respectively.

In this period the fighting forces had naturally been less prominent than during the South African War in these pages. Throughout the First World War they dominated them. The Editor had removed himself nearer to the scene of action. He was now an artillery officer in the field, and earned distinction as such. He was, however, Editor still, with a Deputy who carried on in his absence, and he very properly counts those years in when measuring his editorship. On the whole, it may be said that the belligerent Governments, our own among them, failed to understand the value of publicity as fully in the First World War as they

In some communities and districts the regular officer was regarded as a professional killer, as a type to be treated with contempt and distrust and to be ranked in a category below that of the ordinary peace-loving citizen. The efforts of representative bodies, such as the London County Council in its dealings with the Cadet forces, to kill youthful patriotism under the disguise of "militarism" constitute evidence of a frame of mind as astonishing as it is unpleasant to look back upon. The forces were starved, and when their time of trial came, the same publicists who had contributed to their starvation turned upon them and abused them for the inadequacy of their efforts and, while they stood bleeding and beaten by superior numbers and material, cried out that these efforts had been "too little and too late."

One of the ways in which *The Illustrated London News* kept the Services in the public eye in this period was by depicting their technological advances. One of Captain Ingram's aims has always been to record the growth of scientific invention in popular, but not childishly popular, form to an intelligent reading public. Some of the scientific work connected with the Services was carefully concealed—radar research, for example, was a very well-guarded secret—but science was now beginning to play so big a part in war that many examples of the new alliance gradually became known. It was, however, after war had actually broken out in 1939 that, under the pressure of necessity, science was really harnessed to the needs of war, and then the progress was amazingly rapid. Here again the demands of security often made it impossible to depict, pictorially or in writing, new inventions until long after they were in common use. When the opportunity came, it was at once seized. There must be many who owe their first real comprehension of wartime devices to the ingenious drawings and diagrams that appeared in these pages. Another feature of editorial policy in time of war was the refusal to whistle in order to keep spirits up. It must, however, have been very much easier to edit the paper after the tide had turned. One contributor can say with hand on heart that it became very much easier to write.

The achievement of *The Illustrated London News* was in another respect almost, if not quite, without parallel, and we may be sure that there is nothing in his career on which the Editor now looks back with greater satisfaction. It was accorded a special position as representing the aims, exploits, and endurances of the nation and its armed forces. Again I may turn to a contributor's experience. Of the correspondence addressed to me over those years—and the case has been much the same since—I can bear witness that the greater part came from distant parts of the Commonwealth and the United States, with a fair proportion from South America. All over the world this paper carried news of the struggle, and all over the world it awakened or heightened sympathy with our cause. Here a weekly illustrated newspaper has a great advantage over a daily. If both reach the hands of their readers anything from one to four months late, interest in the daily is almost dead, but the weekly, with its wider view, its absence of topicality, and, above all, its wealth of illustration, can still claim as much attention as it could on the day of its publication.

We should be living in a happier world if we

could afford to take less interest in military affairs than we have in fact taken since the end of the war. Demonstrations of strength in the form of reviews, secondary wars such as have gone on unceasingly, new tanks and military aircraft and submarines have constantly been depicted in these pages. They remind us of how unquiet and uneasy are the times in which we live. It is true that with these things have been mingled some of the old gay pageantry of military service—a tournament, a Sovereign's escort in the incomparable old uniforms. On the whole, however, the events which the faithful editor must record and the prophecies which he must analyse in the military field cannot be said to belong to the lighter side of *The Illustrated London News*. Whether the message it has to deliver be welcome or the reverse, it has maintained the honesty and objectivity of its

presentation. All that remains to be said is to express the hope that the present Editor will not fall into the fallacy of considering fifty years to be a long time. It may be so to look back upon, but when the skill and vigour are still there it still encourages looking forward, and he ought to do so.



GAINING EXPERIENCE OF MILITARY MATTERS IN THE SCHOOL OF WAR: CAPTAIN BRUCE S. INGRAM, WHO HAS BEEN EDITOR OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" FOR FIFTY YEARS, ON ACTIVE SERVICE WITH THE ROYAL GARRISON ARTILLERY IN WORLD WAR I.

In the article on this page, Captain Cyril Falls pays tribute to this paper's "sobriety of judgment and objectivity in views" when dealing with military matters, and records that in World War II. "It was accorded a special position as representing the aims, exploits and endurances of the nation and its armed forces." This it has done under the guidance of Captain Bruce S. Ingram, who this month celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of his Editorship. He gained his knowledge of war in the hard school of experience; as a young man he was a junior officer in the East Kent Yeomanry, and later served in the Royal Garrison Artillery on the French front in World War I, being mentioned in despatches thrice and awarded the M.C. and O.B.E. Our photographs were taken when he was Staff Captain, at H.Q., III. Corps Heavy Artillery, at Roisel, east of Peronne, in 1917.

did in the Second, with the consequence that the opportunities of the Press in all its branches were not so good. *The Illustrated London News*, however, contrived to enhance its already high reputation and to provide a historical record of the war which is in itself of considerable importance. And while, of course, its main appeal was to British readers at home or with the forces abroad, it began to do on a smaller scale what it was to do so triumphantly in the Second World War, put the British case and show the British effort to the world at large.

Between the First and Second World Wars, notable advances were made, as, for example, in mechanisation on land, speed and range of flight, anti-aircraft artillery, and the alliance of science with warfare in the development of radar. On balance, however, it was a sorry period for the fighting forces and one reflecting little credit upon the nation and its statesmen so far as defence was concerned.



DIRECTING THE POLICY OF HIS PAPER AND GIVING GUIDANCE TO HIS DEPUTY BY POST DURING PERIODS OF RELAXATION FROM MILITARY DUTIES: THE EDITOR OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" IN HIS WARTIME OFFICE AND LIVING QUARTERS ON THE WESTERN FRONT IN 1917.



(ABOVE.)
STRANDED IN THE BAY OF
HOLLAND, STRONSAY; SOME
OF THE NINETY-SEVEN
WHALES WHICH DIED ON
THE SHORE.

ON Sunday April 23, an exceptionally high tide swept ninety-seven pilot whales on to the sands of the Bay of Holland, Stronsay, Orkney Islands. They varied in size from 15 ft. to 20 ft. in length, and the islanders could do nothing except watch their death-throes, as it was impossible to tow them out to sea. Some of the young whales were refloated, but after sporting in deep water for a while they returned to die with their fellows. In "Giant Fishes, Whales and

[Continued opposite.



Continued.]
Dolphins," by the late J. R. Norman, F.L.S., and F. C. Fraser, D.Sc., F.L.S., Department of Zoology, British Museum, it is pointed out that pilot whales (*Globicephala melæna*) tend to follow a leader as sheep do, and the first of the whales to be stranded on the Stronsay shore was a 20-ft. bull. The disposal of the carcasses was a difficult problem. An offer from a Norwegian whaling company to remove them was accepted, but later vetoed by the Norwegian Government.

(LEFT.)
WATCHING THE MELAN-
CHOLY SPECTACLE OF THE
DYING WHALES; ORKNEY
ISLANDERS ON THE SHORE OF
THE BAY OF HOLLAND.

"FOLLOW MY LEADER"—EVEN TO DEATH: THE STRANDING OF NINETY-SEVEN WHALES IN THE BAY OF HOLLAND, STRONSAY.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

GARDENERS, being largely a race of optimists, are fonder of looking forward to the future than peering back into the past. A child, buying gaudy packets of flower-

seeds, looks forward a few weeks and expects—having no experience—equally gaudy results. Grown-ups at the flower shows, seeing exhibition pig-fed pæonies and delphiniums, smother their smattering of experience—and buy. Regardless of what their soil may be, they look forward to next summer, and hope—I say hope—for a super-sumptuous Chelsea-standard display of pæonies and delphiniums. And men, especially in

gloomy London Scottish Drill Hall, and the great pre-Chelsea spring shows in the Temple Gardens. As a society function, "The Temple" ranked almost with Ascot, a sort of Royal Enclosure, in which the most exalted and the humblest—all gardeners together—moved inch by inch round the tents, along the gangways, packed like sardines—but without benefit of the oil to lubricate progress. Later came Chelsea, with far more space, and just as dense a crowd. At Chelsea, however, there is room for more spacious exhibits, and some exhibitors are learning the advantage of giving their plants more elbow-room. There is space, moreover, for exhibits of horticultural sundries, garden furniture, motor lawn-mowers and mechanised garden cultivators. The mechanisation of garden operations is of immense importance to-day, with labour becoming ever scarcer and more costly. I lately visited a friend whose rather large garden is on a steep slope of the Chilterns. He had recently invested in a modern motor cultivator. I did not see it at work, but I gathered that it not only ploughed, hoed, sculpted and cultivated the soil, but sowed seeds, distributed fertilisers, and carted rubbish and manure up and down the steepest gradients. Nothing was said about housework. Scientists and engineers have come to the gardener's rescue just in time. New, improved and healthy races of potatoes and strawberries are being scientifically raised, when both had got into a thoroughly bad way. Fruit-tree stocks have been investigated and sorted out, so that we can plant apples to make big standards for our heirs, or to fruit next year and remain small bushes. We have been given the sheer miracle of synthetic hormones. Hormones to spray on to apple-trees to correct the habit of premature fruit dropping, hormones to prevent potatoes sprouting in the clamp, hormones to cause the usually infertile first trusses of tomato-blossom to set fruit, and selective weed-killer hormones.

The introduction of new plants during the last fifty years has been bewildering, almost embarrassing. Plant collectors, Forrest, Purdom, Kingdon Ward, Farrer and others, have ransacked the Far East, the Americas, in fact, most corners of the earth, and sent home new species literally by the thousand. Mostly they came as seeds, which had to be sown, grown and tested. Some flowered once in captivity, astonished and enchanted all who saw them, and then, refusing to be domesticated, died out. Some proved unworthy of cultivation though willing enough to grow here. A comparatively small proportion, though many in number, have settled down as good garden plants, beautiful, and willing to flourish in our soil and climate. Their numbers have been added to by the plant breeders, who have raised hybrids by crossing the true species, and improved races by careful selection. *Primula obconica*, though introduced in 1882, was still in 1900 a poor thing, with smallish, pale-pink or pinkish-lilac flowers. To-day it is a truly magnificent plant, or race of plants. Still pure *obconica*, without trace of any other species, it has been selected and re-selected until its flowers are three or four times the original size, and range in colour from snow-white, through pure rose, to rich crimson, as well as lavender-blue, violet and royal-purple. And so it has been with innumerable other races of plants, newly introduced during the last half-century. Glorious

new species of rhododendron, and sumptuous new hybrids raised from them—hundreds of them—and orchids, raised in test-tubes like microbes in a laboratory, which might yet command respect from any Empress. New fruits have been raised—pears, plums, apples, raspberries, even a thornless blackberry. And here I would suggest that the breeders of new fruits should raise new varieties of plums which would flower a few weeks later, and so escape damaging frosts and make cropping less of a gamble. Easy to suggest, yet it could probably be done—in time.

Books on gardening have been produced during the last fifty years in an ever-increasing spate. Books by literary blokes which, though readable, were as full of howlers as a hot-bed is full of worms; books by experts, full of good counsel, which are a penance to read; and books by fellows who were obviously more skilled with scissors and paste than with spade and trowel. Now and then we have been blessed with an outstandingly good garden book. Mostly these have been specialised works or monographs, such as Colonel F. C. Stern's "Study of the Genus *Pæonia*," Collingwood Ingram's "Ornamental Cherries," and David Wilkie's "Gentians." And there are a few really good discursive books, such as those of Gertrude Jekyll, and E. A. Bowles' three delightful volumes, "My Garden in Spring," "in Summer," and "in Autumn and Winter." Above all, almost, is that classic gardeners' bible, William Robinson's "English Flower Garden." Oddly enough, my copy, seventh edition, is dated, with my name, 1900. I have never managed to read the introductory chapters written by Robinson himself. "Art in Relation to Flower Gardening and Garden Design," "Climbers and their Artistic Rise," "The Orchard Beautiful,"



IN HIS ARTICLE REVIEWING THE LAST FIFTY YEARS IN GARDENING, MR. ELLIOTT WRITES ON THIS PAGE ON THE IMMENSE DEVELOPMENT IN CERTAIN FLOWERS, AND CITES IN PARTICULAR *Primula obconica*. THE SAME HOLDS GOOD OF ITS NEAR RELATION, *Primula malacoides*, A FACT WELL SUPPORTED BY THIS SUMPTUOUS MODERN VARIETY, "ROSE BOUQUET."

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

the later stages of maturity and garden experience, are apt to start planting fruit orchards and forest trees—for the future. Such optimism and looking to the future is all to the good. I am immensely grateful that someone, perhaps a hundred years ago, planted a couple of yew trees in my garden, and that sixty or so years later, somebody else planted a certain standard apple-tree nearby. It is wise, however, as well as interesting, to look back from time to time over the past, and that is what I propose to do now. On this special occasion—the fiftieth anniversary of Captain Bruce Ingram's taking over the Editorship of *The Illustrated London News*—and as perhaps the most recent contributor to *The Illustrated London News*, I am going to hark back over my recollections as a gardener during the past fifty years.

Never having kept a diary later into any year than the second week in January, it would be a help to my memory if I had here the files of *The Illustrated London News* covering that period. I think there would be just room for us both in my small study, with its big view, and I could turn the pages of the great modern Illustrated Domesday, with its recordings of trends, developments, inventions and discoveries, in science, engineering, art, literature, passing history—and horticulture. Somewhere among the later volumes I should come upon records of two plants which I collected and introduced from Chile. Two superb colour-plates, one of the fragrant "Glory of the Sun," *Leucocoryne*, and the other of the strange, yucca-like *Puya alpestris*, with its flowers of a lurid peacock blue-green. Fifty years ago, the R.H.S., though still somewhat parochial compared with its present self, was already the very heart of British horticulture. The "Old" Hall had not yet been built (I speak from memory), and shows were held in the rather



"THE INTRODUCTION OF NEW PLANTS DURING THE LAST FIFTY YEARS HAS BEEN BEWILDERING, ALMOST EMBARRASSING," WRITES MR. ELLIOTT. ONE OF THE PLANTS, HOWEVER, WHICH HAS WON THE BRITISH PUBLIC'S HEART IN THIS PERIOD, AND WHICH HAS A ROMANTIC DISTINCTION ALL ITS OWN IS THE BLUE HIMALAYAN POPPY, *Meconopsis belenichfolia*, var. *Baileyi*, HERE SHOWN IN ITS CHARACTERISTIC GRACE.

Photograph by D. F. Merrell.

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

A subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is the ideal gift to friends, either at home or abroad, whom we are not able to see frequently, yet desire to keep in touch with. Each week as the new copy arrives, the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought of his or her friend, recalling a birthday or other anniversary. Orders for subscriptions can now be taken, and should be addressed to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

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and the rest. Doubtless they are full of wisdom. But they irritated me. The latter half of the book, though, the alphabetical list of plants with descriptions and instructions, written by a team of distinguished experts, I have found, and still find, invaluable, and the old wood-engraving illustrations are a joy.

Robinson's "English Flower Garden" has probably had a greater influence for good on English gardening during the last fifty years than any other book. And like some other publications—the best of their kind—it is still in publication, still going strong, and likely to continue to do so.

A JUBILEE OF DUTCH BULB-GROWING: FACETS OF HOLLAND'S FLOWER FESTIVAL.



A CAMEL OF FLOWERS: ONE OF THE MOST ORIGINAL OF THE FLOWER FLOATS WITH WHICH THE DUTCH BULB-GROWERS' ASSOCIATION CELEBRATED THEIR JUBILEE.



THOUSANDS OF VISITORS—MANY OF THEM FROM BRITAIN—CROWDED INTO THE HAARLEM-HILLEGOM-LISSE-SASSENHEIM DISTRICT OF HOLLAND FOR THIS YEAR'S BULB FESTIVAL.



A STAGE-COACH OF HYACINTH HEADS PASSING THROUGH LISSE, THE CENTRE OF THE PRODUCTION OF HYACINTH BULBS, IN THE PARADES THAT FOLLOWED BULB SUNDAY.



PICTURE-MAKERS, WITH A PALETTE OF FLOWERS RATHER THAN PIGMENTS, IN "A DUTCH MASTERPIECE"—THE FIRST-PRIZE-WINNING FLOAT IN THE PROCESSION OF FLOWERS.



A SIGHT TO GLADDEN A CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S HEART—BUT IN HOLLAND: A FLOAT, SHOWING THE STEPS TO AN EXPORT OF 100,000,000 BULBS.

ONE of the most charming and popular of the festivals of the Netherlands—both to the Dutch themselves and to the thousands of tourists who visit the country—is the Flower Festival which takes place on and around Bulb Sunday, which this year fell on April 23. The festivities this year were even more elaborate than usual, as this was the fiftieth anniversary of the Dutch Bulb-Growers' Association. Haarlem, Hillegom, Lisse and Sassenheim were the centres of the festival; and a great procession of decorative, fanciful and symbolic floats, each made out of thousands upon thousands of flower-heads, wended its way, as our pictures show, through their streets.

THE "COMET'S" EPOCH-MAKING FLIGHTS; AND OTHER SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.



LEAVING HATFIELD FOR CAIRO—5 HOURS 7 MINUTES; LATER TO LEAVE CAIRO FOR NAIROBI—5 HOURS 8 MINUTES: THE START OF THE DE HAVILLAND COMET'S EPOCH-MAKING TOUR.

On April 24 the De Havilland *Comet* jet air-liner, with a complement of seventeen and piloted by Group-Captain John Cunningham, the De Havilland Company's chief test pilot, left Hatfield and landed at Cairo 5 hrs. 6 mins. 47.7 secs. later, covering the 2,204 statute miles non-stop at an

average speed of 427 m.p.h., breaking the previous London-Cairo record by nearly an hour and a half. The next day the aircraft flew from Cairo to Nairobi, non-stop, in 5 hrs. 8 mins. at an average speed of 430 m.p.h. The object of the flights was to test the aircraft in tropical conditions.



PROTECTION OF CROPS AGAINST FROST: TESTING A NUMBER OF OUTDOOR SPACE-HEATERS AT THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF AGRICULTURAL ENGINEERING, WREST PARK.

Among the most topical of the tests conducted at the National Institute of Agricultural Engineering are those concerned with the prevention of frost damage. We here show an "Evans Frostguard" (right), in which heat is deflected downwards by the canopy; and a number of "Harington Heaters."



"PRESS THE BUTTON AND MAKE IT SNOW": AN EXHIBIT IN A U.S. DEMONSTRATION TRAIN NOW TOURING THE STATES, WITH A NUMBER OF ELECTRICAL DISPLAYS.

In this model "Project Cirrus" in General Electric's exhibition train the viewer sees a model village. On pressing a button he causes a cloud to gather over the village, and then, by seeding it with "dry-ice," turns it to snow, which falls, as required, with a precision commoner in models than in practice.



TO CO-OPERATE WITH THE U.S. NAVY IN MANOEUVRES OFF THE U.S. EAST COAST: THE ROYAL NAVY'S MIDGET-SUBMARINE, X.E.7, DURING TRIALS IN THE GARELOCH.



A VETERAN OF R.N. MIDGET SUBMARINE WARFARE: X.24, WHICH SANK A LARGE GERMAN FLOATING DOCK, SEEN AT H.M.S. DOLPHIN, THE R.N. SUBMARINE BASE.

On April 25 it was announced that during the summer one of the Royal Navy's midget submarines, the X.E.7, would carry out exercises with ships of the U.S. Navy, operating from a base on the east coast of the U.S.A. The Admiralty has for some time specialised in the development of the midget submarine, and units of the "X" Class were successfully used against the German battleship *Tirpitz*, and on several other occasions during the war.



MORE CHARACTERISTIC OF MID-WINTER THAN OF EARLY SPRING: CHISLEHURST COMMON ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 26, WITH DEEP SNOW COVERING THE GROUND AND BENDING THE BRANCHES, ALREADY CLAD IN DELICATE GREEN FOLIAGE, UNDER ITS HEAVY WEIGHT.

THE vagaries of English weather are one of our national jokes, and indeed they sometimes appear to be regarded with a kind of patriotic pride by people who boast of the eccentricities of our climate. There was, however, nothing to raise even the ghost of a smile over the freak conditions which occurred in this country on the night of April 25-26. A blizzard burst over the country, followed by thunderstorms which broke simultaneously over London, Bristol, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Doncaster and Hull. The snowfalls in Southern England were extremely heavy and caused widespread dislocation and much damage. Over 5000 telephones on forty-five exchanges were put out of action. Many poles and wires were blown down, and on one stretch of road near Basingstoke

[Continued on right.]



Continued.] every telegraph-pole was snapped in half for a distance of two miles. Damage was caused by fallen trees and branches, and the toll of accidents included the collapse of a garage roof at Sevenoaks, with resulting damage to numerous vehicles, including a £2000 Red Cross van. Three men were trapped under the "big top" of Lord George Sanger's circus at St. Mary Cray, Kent, when it collapsed under the weight of snow. Heavy rain washed the snow away rapidly, and it is hoped that our chief fruit crops will not suffer serious damage, but many trees and flowers were injured. At Croydon, poplars were bent steeply to the ground, and at Chislehurst silver birches almost doubled up. Trains in the home counties were delayed seriously and great difficulties were encountered in getting to work.

ILLUSTRATING THE DIFFICULTIES OF TRANSPORT CAUSED BY THE BLIZZARD OF THE NIGHT OF APRIL 25-26—THE WORST APRIL SNOWSTORM FOR THIRTY-ONE YEARS: THE SCENE ON A SNOW-BOUND ROAD AT WEST WICKHAM, KENT, ON APRIL 26. MUCH DAMAGE WAS CAUSED.

SNOW SCENE IN SPRINGTIME: WINTER'S APRIL ONSLAUGHT ON ENGLAND—FREAK WEATHER WHICH CAUSED MUCH DAMAGE.

THE BIRTH AND PROGRESS OF ARCHÆOLOGY.

"A HUNDRED YEARS OF ARCHÆOLOGY": By GLYN E. DANIEL.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

N.B.—The photographs on this page are not reproduced from the book reviewed.

THE book I am now reviewing appears in a series called "The Hundred Years Series." Included in that omnium gathrum are "A Hundred Years of Psychology" (which I hope to evade); "A Hundred Years of English Government" (from which, in vain, I am trying to escape); "A Hundred Years of the British Empire" (which must range from fortissimo to pianissimo); "A Hundred Years of Astronomy"—and, the farther the astronomers reach with their telescopes, the more one is consoled, being brought into proportion with the infinite and the eternal—and "A Hundred Years of Economic Development," about which there may be, and are, various opinions. This book is called "A Hundred Years of Archaeology." And it reaches me at a suitable moment.

For with this issue Captain Bruce Ingram completes fifty years as Editor of *The Illustrated London News*, which, during his editorship, has done more to record and disseminate the results of exploration and excavation, and illustrate them, than any other periodical in the English-speaking world. "Sensational" discoveries (like that of Tutankhamen's Tomb) get their due from the newspaper Press; all such things are recorded in learned periodicals which do not reach the major portion of even the educated public; but *The Illustrated London News*, under Bruce Ingram, has seldom missed a discovery of evidence about the human (or, for that matter, the animal) past. The paper was founded, over a hundred years ago, by an ancestor of his; the family has retained control; the result has been that a man with a passion for certain historical themes has been able to give his passion full play. And a result of that has been that persons all over the globe, from Iceland to the Solomon Islands, who are acutely aware (unlike some of our politicians) that the world didn't begin yesterday, take the "I.L.N." weekly (some of them receiving the numbers long after publication) because they know that it will always spring surprises on them in the form of revelations from Ur, the South Seas, Yucatan, the Indus Valley, the caves of France and Spain, the Roman Wall, or Salisbury Plain—and, in future, from sites about which we cannot even conjecture, for archaeologists have, so far, scratched only a small portion of the earth's surface. Had I been a part-owner of the paper, or a shareholder, or even a worker inside the office, I might have felt shy about thus proclaiming the signal services of the "I.L.N." to our knowledge of what is rather absurdly called "Prehistory." But as I am merely an "outside contributor," a man-of-letters who merely turns up in a taxi-cab, usually late, with his contributions, licence may be allowed me. For, incidentally, I was a reader of the "I.L.N." long before I was a writer. I had an old relation who lived on the borders of Devon and Cornwall, and with whom I used to stay rather less than sixty years ago. In his little library there was a file of the "I.L.N." from the first volume onwards. I used to lie with my elbows on the floor and my chin cupped in my hands, and scan all those woodcuts recording the launch of the *Great Eastern* and the bloody battles of the American Civil War. Never after that did I lose touch with the paper; I remember when L. F. Austin admirably wrote the "Note Book." And, to this day, I eagerly peruse every page of the paper except that which is infested by myself, and especially those great spreads of photographs of "finds" which serve us as reminders of the heights to which the arts rose in various parts of the planet long before 55 B.C., or the year of the foundation of Rome.

Mr. Daniel's book surprises at first sight because it contains no illustrations whatsoever, not so much as a line drawing of a flint arrow-head. But a moment's reflection makes one realise that, were a book with this range to be adequately illustrated, it would have to be accompanied by dozens of volumes of plates. For it is an encyclopædia of digs, diggers and theories. Archaeology is not an ancient science. There were ancients who were interested in the remote past. In the fifth century there was a Thracian princess in whose grave was found a collection of Neolithic axes. Germanicus, adopted son of Tiberius, is stated by Tacitus to have gone to Egypt to study antiquity. And an older student still was "Nabonidus, the last King of Babylon, who devoted much of his life to antiquarian research, excavated below the pavement of the temple of

Shamash at Sippar, and found, eighteen cubits down, a foundation-stone laid by Naram-Sin, son of Sargon of Akkad 'which for 3200 years before no previous King had seen.' But, as Mr. Daniel says, these were exceptions. "Pre-historic archaeology is one scholarly discipline that we cannot trace back to the Greeks"—I suppose that Pausanias and Herodotus would have taken to it had they been born in a suitable age. The Renaissance saw the dawn of antiquarianism. But excavations were conducted with a sole view to adding works of art to the collections of dilettanti. As Mr. Daniel observes about the great eighteenth-century historian of art, who is one of the many putative "fathers of archaeology," "the study of ancient art is not

'All that is really known of the ancient state of Britain is contained in a few pages. We can know no more than what old writers have told us.' Dr. Johnson, if he reckoned at all in this matter, was reckoning without geology. The pages which geologists

were to write in the early nineteenth-century would show that we can know

more than what is written by the ancient historians, and that the labour of three centuries of antiquarians was concerned not only, as some of them supposed, with the Celts, Romans and Saxons of history, but also with the nameless peoples of prehistory." While Johnson was still alive, Esper discovered, in a cave near Bamberg, human bones associated with those of extinct animals. He dared not face the obvious conclusion; Archbishop Ussher and his 4004 B.C. were still in the ascendant, and stone tools were still regarded as thunderbolts and not as artefacts. Kent's Cavern at Torquay was our Bamberg Cave; even after that had been found

DR. GLYN E. DANIEL, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Dr. Daniel, who was a Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, after war service with the R.A.F. became a Fellow of his old college and is also the University Lecturer in Archaeology at Cambridge. His main archaeological study is megalithic tombs, and a book of his called "The Prehistoric Chamber Tombs of England and Wales" is in preparation. He also writes detective novels under the pseudonym of "Dilwyn Rees."

an eminent scientist maintained that the Almighty had "planted" fossils in order to delude sceptics. Archaeology, prehistory, methodical excavation, as we know them, began during the last hundred years.

Britain has taken her full share in the work both of unveiling ancient high civilisations and of reconstructing the lives of men of the Stone and succeeding Ages. Perhaps the greatest figure we produced in the latter field was that original genius General Pitt-Rivers—who was born Lane-Fox, but changed his name when he inherited 29,000 acres, including much of Cranborne Chase, in a first-class area for digging. As virtual originator of the Hythe School of Musketry he was drawn into the study of the history of firearms. "From his own detailed study of British firearms, and the Darwinian concept of evolution, he formulated the idea that all material objects developed in an evolutionary way and could be arranged in typological sequences." "To prove this thesis and to illustrate its truth he began collecting everything he could lay his hands on—first weapons, and then boats, looms, dress, musical

instruments, magical and religious symbols"—and his collections were made, as he said, "not for the purpose of surprising anyone, either by the beauty or the value of the objects exhibited, but solely with a view to instruction." If he was a pioneer in the analysis of artefacts, so also he was in regard to the technique of excavation. And his dominating motive would have appealed to Charles I. "He sensed the gradual shift of power to the educated masses and insisted they must be educated aright. 'What they lack is history,' he said, 'they must learn the links between the past and present.'"

The pace at which discovery and publication has proceeded in our own day is made strikingly evident by Mr. Daniel's "Chronological Table of Main Events." Take the last thirty years. The entry for 1921 runs: "Evans, *Palace of Minos* (1921-35); Crawford, *Man and His Past*; Breuil accepts Reid Moir's pre-Crag finds at the Liège Conference; Macalister, *Textbook of European Archaeology*; Schuchhardt, *Alt Europa*; Sahni begins work at Harappa; Banerji begins work at Mohenjodaro; Andersson discovers Yang Shao Tsun; Burkitt *Prehistory*." Every year up to 1940 is similarly crowded: the twenty years saw the development of photography from the air by O. G. S. Crawford, the discovery of Tutankhamen's Tomb, the great excavations at Ur, the diggings in Baluchistan, and a great deal of work in Central America.

It is heartening to find that Mr. Daniel, unlike some of his colleagues, thinks that the next hundred years of archaeology will be as fruitful and exciting as the last hundred.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 716 of this issue.



SIR LEONARD WOOLLEY, ARCHAEOLOGIST AND EXCAVATOR, WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GREAT DISCOVERIES AT UR, CARCHEMISH AND SUMERIA.



THE LATE DR. HOWARD CARTER, EGYPTOLOGIST AND EXCAVATOR, WHOSE MANY DISCOVERIES WERE CROWNED IN THE GREAT DISCOVERY OF TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB.



DR. JOHN GARSTANG, ARCHAEOLOGIST, DIRECTOR OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTE AT ANKARA. MANY DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT, PALESTINE AND NEAR EAST.



THE LATE SIR FLINDERS PETRIE, A PIONEER OF SCIENTIFIC ARCHAEOLOGY IN THE PRE-DYNASTIC EGYPTIAN, MYCENÆAN AND AEGEAN CULTURES.



DR. L. S. B. LEAKEY, ARCHAEOLOGIST AND EXPLORER, MANY PREHISTORIC FINDS IN KENYA, CULMINATING IN DISCOVERY OF THE "PROCONSUL" SKULL.



SIR JOHN MARSHALL, FOR MANY YEARS DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF ARCHAEOLOGY IN INDIA, ASSOCIATED WITH DISCOVERIES AT MOHENJODARO AND HARAPPA.



DR. DOROTHY GARROD, ARCHAEOLOGIST AND EXCAVATOR. DISCOVERIES IN PALEOLITHIC CULTURES, CROWNED BY FIND OF EARLIEST REALISTIC HUMAN PORTRAIT-SCULPTURE.



THE LATE SIR AUREL STEIN, EXPLORER AND ARCHAEOLOGIST, WHOSE DISCOVERIES IN BALUCHISTAN REVEALED THE GREAT CHALCOLITHIC INDUS CULTURE.



THE LATE SIR ARTHUR EVANS, SCHOLAR AND ARCHAEOLOGIST, WHOSE CRETAN EXCAVATIONS REVEALED MINOS' PALACE AND THE MINOAN CULTURE.



SIR ALAN GARDINER, EGYPTOLOGIST AND SCHOLAR, AN AUTHORITY ON EGYPTIAN INSCRIPTIONS, INTERPRETER OF THE TUTANKHAMEN INSCRIPTIONS.



DR. ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS, ZOOLOGIST AND EXPLORER WHO DISCOVERED THE FIRST FOSSIL DINOSAUR EGGS AND MANY PREHISTORIC ANIMALS NEW TO SCIENCE.



THE LATE MR. T. A. JOYCE, ARCHAEOLOGIST AND EXCAVATOR, AN AUTHORITY ON CENTRAL AMERICA, AND LEADER OF EXPEDITIONS IN BRITISH HONDURAS.



THE ABBÉ BREUIL, THE DOYEN OF EUROPEAN ARCHAEOLOGISTS, WHOSE DISCOVERIES ON CAVE ART AND STONE AGE MAN ARE OUTSTANDING. [Photo. by "Cape Times."]



THE LATE DR. THOMAS GANN, PHYSICIAN AND EXPLORER, WHO DISCOVERED MANY OF THE LOST MAYA CITIES IN YUCATAN AND BRITISH HONDURAS.

SOME OF THE EMINENT ARCHÆOLOGISTS WHOSE DISCOVERIES HAVE BEEN REPORTED AND ILLUSTRATED IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" DURING THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

prehistory. Winckelmann stands as a great pioneer in one, only, of the strains of antiquarianism which eventually gave rise to archaeology." A Society of Antiquaries was founded here in Elizabeth's day, and suppressed by James I, who suspected it of being political in aim, and in the seventeenth century Aubrey and others launched out on field archaeology, though some of them were rather rash in their assertions, such as Inigo Jones who stated that Stonehenge was a Roman temple. That great collector and connoisseur, Charles I., in an Order in Council, stated that "the study of antiquities is by good experience said to be very serviceable and useful to the general good of the State and Commonwealth"—a statement which would have made the eyes pop out of the head of Mr. Henry Ford, who declared, "history is bunk." But antiquarianism could not yet develop into archaeology. Dr. Johnson "roundly declared:

* "A Hundred Years of Archaeology." By Glyn E. Daniel, M.A., Ph.D., F.S.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; Lecturer in Archaeology in the University. (Gerald Duckworth; 21s.)



THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST SPIRE IN DANGER : SALISBURY CATHEDRAL, SUBJECT OF SOME OF CONSTABLE'S BEST-LOVED PICTURES, WHOSE SPIRE IS GRAVELY THREATENED AND FOR WHICH A £100,000 APPEAL HAS BEEN LAUNCHED.

On April 27 it was publicly announced that the spire of Salisbury Cathedral, together with the tower which carries it, was in danger, and an appeal for £100,000 for its restoration and part rebuilding was launched. The foundations of the Cathedral were laid in 1200 and the building, except for the central tower and west front, was finished by 1258. About 1330 two stages were added to the central tower and about fifty years later the spire was added. The spire, which has been described as "one of the most remarkable feats in building of all time," is now in considerable

danger, largely as the result of some ill-considered repairs in 1869. The Cathedral architect, Mr. W. A. Forsyth, F.R.I.B.A., has reported that it is immediately necessary to repair the top 25 to 30 ft. of the spire, to repair extensively the next 35 ft.; and to carry out lesser repairs to the lower part of the spire. £30,000 is required for this stage and a further £70,000 for repairs to the tower and roof which will be necessary in the next few years. Donations towards this fund should be sent to Canon A. F. Smethurst, Ph.D., The Hungerford Chantry, 54, The Close, Salisbury.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL; CURRENT EVENTS; AND TWO NEW MEMORIALS.



THE INTERIOR OF SALISBURY'S THREATENED SPIRE: A VIEW SHOWING THE OAK SCAFFOLDING AND A STEEL GIRDER WHICH IS TO BE REPLACED WITH NON-FERROUS METAL.

Elsewhere in this issue we report the threat to Salisbury Cathedral's spire and the appeal launched to save it. We show here two remarkable photographs of the upper part of the interior, one of which



INSIDE THE LAST 25 FT. OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL SPIRE, ALL OF WHICH PART IS TO BE RECONSTRUCTED: THE IRON VANE AND STEEL RODS WHICH HOLD THE TOP TOGETHER.

shows the oak scaffolding off which the masonry was originally laid. Much of it touches the walls of the spire and assists in steadying the whole structure.



SERVICEMEN AT WORK UNLOADING A MEAT-SHIP IN THE QUEEN VICTORIA DOCK DURING THE PERIOD WHEN UP TO 14,000 LONDON DOCKERS WERE OUT.

The unofficial London Dock strike, which began on April 12, ended on May 1, when the dockers went back to work all ships except the "black" *Waipawa*. The Services, who are gaining practice in this operation, worked the ships between April 24 and 28, when about 5850 Servicemen were employed.



WEMBLEY VICTORS: JOE MERCER, THE CAPTAIN OF THE ARSENAL XI., HOLDING THE F.A. CUP AND CHAIRED BY HIS TEAM MATES AFTER THE 2-0 VICTORY OVER LIVERPOOL.

On April 29, before the King and Queen and a crowd of about 100,000 spectators, Arsenal beat Liverpool by 2 goals to nil in the F.A. Cup Final. The match was played in drizzle and the result fairly reflected the run of the play. Both goals were scored by Lewis, Arsenal's inside-left.



"CHRIST THE JUDGE": THE STATUE THAT THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER IS TO UNVEIL.

On May 5, the Duchess of Gloucester has arranged to unveil this 8-ft. statue by Josephina de Vasconcellos which, through the generosity of an anonymous donor, is to be the centrepiece of the Heroes' Shrine and Garden at Aldershot Manor Park. Around it is being constructed a garden formed from stones taken from famous buildings destroyed by aerial attack.



THE BRITISH AUSTIN A.40 CAR WHICH SET UP TWENTY-FOUR NEW STOCK-CAR RECORDS DURING RECENT TESTS AT WESTHAMPTON, LONG ISLAND. The car which we show above on April 27-28 broke a number of stock-car records during heavy fog at Long Island. The test, as planned, was for twenty-four hours, but was interrupted at the nineteenth hour by a deer jumping in front of the car. The deer was killed and the test discontinued. The drivers, Mr. Alan Hess and Colonel "Goldie" Gardner, were unhurt. Official figures for the new records will not be announced until after a check by the American Automobile Association.



THE GOETZE MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN NOW IN QUEEN MARY'S GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

This piece of statuary in the form of a fountain by William MacMillan, R.A., has been presented by the Constance Fund and accepted by the Minister of Works for Queen Mary's Gardens, Regent's Park. It is inscribed "In Memory of Sigismund Christian Hubert Goetze, 1866-1939, Painter, Lover of the Arts and Benefactor of this Garden."

THE CAMERA RECORDS EVENTS ABROAD: A PICTORIAL COMMENTARY ON THE NEWS.



(LEFT.) CLAIMED BY COMMUNIST CHINA AND GROUNDED PENDING THE HEARING OF AN APPEAL: AN AERIAL VIEW OF SOME OF THE SEVENTY-ONE AIRCRAFT AT KAITAK AIRPORT, HONG KONG.

The hearing of an appeal against the Chief Justice of Hong Kong's decision that seventy-one transport aircraft, formerly the property of Nationalist China, and now owned by the China National Aviation Corporation and the Central Air Transport Corporation, belonged to the Chinese Communist Government, was due to take place on April 27. Pending the hearing of the appeal, the aircraft have been grounded at Kaitak Airport, Hong Kong. On April 2 seven of these aircraft (mostly C-46's and C-47's with a few DC-4's and Constables of commercial type) were damaged by time-bombs.

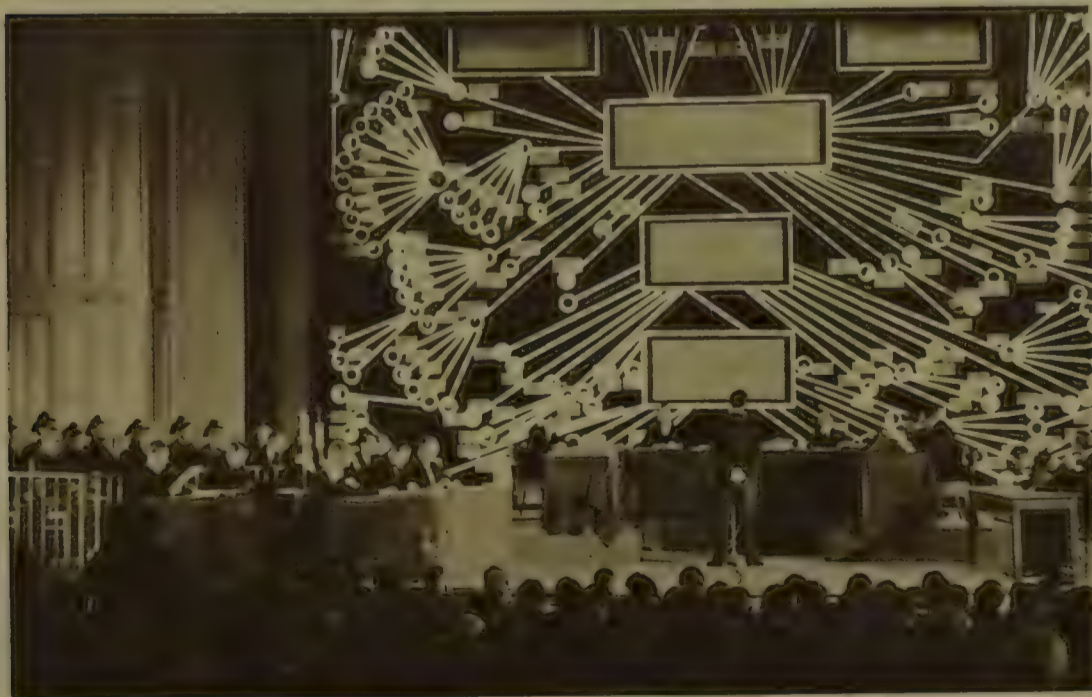


(RIGHT.) THE BLOCKADE OF SHANGHAI: CHINESE NATIONALIST MOTOR GUNBOATS AT THEIR BERTHS IN THE CHUSAN ISLANDS.

On April 24, King Abdullah opened a new session of the Jordanian Parliament and in the speech from the Throne, which was read by the Prime Minister, Said Pasha Mufti, welcomed the presence of the elected representatives from Palestine. After a heated debate Parliament accepted the resolution affirming that both shores of the Jordan constituted one union, the Hashemite Kingdom of the Jordan, a constitutional State guaranteeing equal rights to all its inhabitants, with King Abdullah as Chief of State; and that Arab rights to Palestine would be assured by all lawful means without prejudice to a final settlement on the basis of justice and Arab co-operation. On April 27, Mr. Kenneth Younger, Minister of State, announced in the House of Commons the British Government's decision to accord formal recognition to the union of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan and the part of Palestine under Jordan government and control, and also to give *de jure* recognition to the State of Israel. The British Government's decision extends the alliance with Jordan to cover the Jordan-Palestine Union; and the application of the Anglo-Jordan Treaty to the new area will probably not be recognised by Israel, for it entails a British guarantee from aggression of Arab-held Palestine.



THE ANNEXATION OF ARAB-HELD PALESTINE BY THE KINGDOM OF JORDAN: KING ABDULLAH HANDING HIS SPEECH FROM THE THRONE TO THE PRIME MINISTER, SAID PASHA MUFTI, IN THE JORDANIAN PARLIAMENT ON APRIL 24.



ACCUSED OF TRANSFERRING ASSETS TO WESTERN GERMANY: THE TRIAL OF NINE GERMAN INDUSTRIALISTS IN THE EASTERN ZONE OF GERMANY; SHOWING THE COURTROOM, WITH A DIAGRAM ILLUMINATED WITH NEON LIGHTING BEHIND THE JUDGES.

The six-day trial of nine German industrialists, held in the State Theatre in Dessau before the East German Supreme Court, closed on April 29, when sentences of imprisonment were passed on the nine defendants. They were accused of having prevented the transfer to public ownership of all the assets of the "Conti-Gas" Company which has now been nationalised, and it was stated that assets worth several millions of marks had been transferred to Western Germany.



SHOWING THE PERFORATED WHEEL-DISC: THE LANDING-GEAR OF A PRIVATEER AIRCRAFT FOUND IN THE BALTIC.

On April 25 a Swedish trawler picked up a section of landing-gear with a perforated wheel-disc identified as belonging to a *Privateer* aircraft of the United States Navy. It was taken to Copenhagen and handed over to American Embassy officials. A *Privateer* disappeared on April 8 over the Baltic in mysterious circumstances.

IN TRAINING FOR MAY DAY: ANTI-RIOT SQUADS OF WEST BERLIN POLICE AND U.S. TROOPS.



EQUIPPED WITH GAS MASKS: AMERICAN SOLDIERS ADVANCING THROUGH A SMOKE-SCREEN DURING PART OF THEIR ANTI-RIOT TRAINING IN BERLIN.



RIOT DRILL: WESTERN BERLIN POLICE, HAVING PARKED THEIR PATROL WAGON ACROSS THE PAVEMENT, SWARM OUT TO ENCIRCLE ADVANCING "DEMONSTRATORS."



THE END OF A SWIFT ENCIRCLING MOVEMENT: POLICE HUSTLING ARRESTED "RIOTERS" TO A PATROL WAGON DURING A REALISTIC EXERCISE.

West Berlin's 11,000-strong police force recently underwent a course of special training designed to teach them methods of quelling possible Communist riots, especially during the May Day rival demonstrations and the projected Whitsun youth march. It was arranged that responsibility for maintaining order on May Day should be left largely to the German police, although the entire British, American and French garrisons stood by ready to help in case of trouble. British and American experts studied the organisation and training of the Western Sector police and expressed satisfaction with its reliability. Both police and troops were armed with tear-gas on



PREPARING FOR POSSIBLE COMMUNIST DEMONSTRATIONS: A U.S. SOLDIER UNDERGOING SPECIAL TRAINING PREPARES TO DEAL WITH UNARMED SOLDIERS REPRESENTING "RIOTERS."



SMOKED OUT WITH TEAR GAS: "DEMONSTRATORS," WHO BARRICADED THEMSELVES IN THIS SHACK, ARE SEIZED BY THE POLICE AS THEY TRY TO ESCAPE.



SURROUNDED BY POLICE OFFICERS: "DEMONSTRATORS" ABOUT TO BE ARRESTED AND TAKEN OFF TO THE POLICE STATION DURING A PRE-MAY DAY "RIOT" DRILL.

May 1, the police having the use of special American water-hoses for crowd dispersal. Major-General G. K. Bourne, British Commandant in Berlin, decided to permit a May Day anti-Communist demonstration in the area adjoining the Soviet Sector, where none had been allowed for the last seventeen months.



A GREAT UNITED STATES WAR LEADER WHO HAS WARNED HIS COUNTRY THAT UP-TO-DATE, ADEQUATE DEFENCES ARE THE BEST INSURANCE AGAINST THREATS OF WAR: GENERAL OF THE ARMY DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, WHO COMMANDED THE ALLIED FORCES IN WESTERN EUROPE.

General Dwight D. Eisenhower, the great war leader who took command of United States troops in the European Theatre of Operations in 1942, was Commander-in-Chief, Allied Forces in North Africa, 1943, and Supreme Commander, Allied Expeditionary Force in Western Europe, 1943-45, and later commanded the American Zone of Occupation in Germany. He was Chief of Staff U.S. Army from 1945 to 1948. Thus the warning he has sounded, both in speeches and subsequently in a memorandum on April 1, to the Senate Appropriations Committee as to the necessity for the United States to provide adequate and up-to-date defences, has roused considerable interest and concern. He himself had much to do with the preparation

of the 1951 military budget, and he still believes that 15,000,000,000 dollars is about the largest sum it is safe to spend on defence, including stockpiling. He does not recommend any major or radical increases, but rather a re-allocation of the funds for different activities. He is particularly anxious for the strong garrisoning of Alaska and the modernisation of tanks, anti-aircraft artillery, and all classes of vehicular equipment; and is convinced that the United States must be able to help her allies as well as defend herself. An enduring peace, in General Eisenhower's opinion, must be founded on justice, opportunity and freedom for all men of goodwill and be maintained in a climate of international understanding and co-operation.

From a Kodachrome by Karsh of Ottawa.

A UNIQUE ROYAL OCCASION
IN MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL:
THE KING AND THE QUEEN,
AS TREASURERS OF THE INNER TEMPLE
AND THE MIDDLE TEMPLE
RESPECTIVELY, PRESIDING
AT A JOINT DINNER OF
THE MASTERS OF THE BENCH
OF BOTH
HONOURABLE SOCIETIES.

KEY TO THE TOP AND CENTRE TABLES.

Left to right on the top table (facing):
A. CARR, HONORABLE, Esq., K.C.
THE LORD BISHOP.
THE VISCOUNT JOWITT (Lord Chancellor).
THE LORD WRIGHT.
SIR J. G. MICKLETHWAIT, Esq., K.C.
HIS MAJESTY THE KING (Treasurer, Inner Temple).
THE LORD MEREDITH (Deputy Treasurer, Inner Temple).
MR. HENRY MACGILL, K.C. (Deputy Treasurer, Middle Temple).
HIS MAJESTY THE QUEEN (Treasurer, Middle Temple).
THE VISCOUNT SIMON.
THE EARL OF ARUNDAL.
THE RT. HON. C. H. ATTLEE (Prime Minister).
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
THE LORD GREEN.

Left to right on the top table (back view):
P. E. SANDERSON, Esq., K.C.
A. M. NEWMAN, Esq., K.C.
LORD JUSTICE BUCKNELL.
THE RT. HON. SIR LESLIE SCOTT.
HIS EXCELLENCY LEIF KJELLAND (High Commissioner, Union of South Africa).
THE LORD GODDARD (Lord Chief Justice of England).
HIS EXCELLENCY LEWIS DOUGLAS (American Ambassador).
MR. JUSTICE CARRUTHERS.
THE LORD NICHOLSON.
MR. E. TINDAL ATKINSON.
THE LORD SHERWATER, K.C.
MR. CYRIL HURRY, K.C.
HIS HONOR E. M. KNOTTAM, K.C.
HIS EXCELLENCY DR. F. T. CHENG (Chinese Ambassador).

Seen on left-hand side of centre table, reading from the top:
THE LORD NORMAN.
THE COUNTESS OF HALIFAX.
THE LORD GASKY.
THE MARQUESS OF READING, K.C.
MR. ARTHUR POWN.
MR. JUSTICE BIRNBY.
JUDGE TREVOR HENDER, K.C.
MR. HUBERT VORSTERMAN.
MR. CHARLES DUNCAN, K.C.
WILFRED PRICE, Esq.
DR. G. THOMAS HALL.
THE LORD PORTER.
MR. HUMPHREY KEMP.
S. G. TOWN, Esq., K.C.
MR. PATRICK SPENS, K.C.

Reading from top of the centre table down the right-hand side:
LORD JUSTICE SINGARATON.
MR. ALAN LAWRENCE.
MR. JUSTICE LEVY.
JUDGE HARRY THOMAS.
GROUP CAPTAIN P. TOWNSEND.
RAYMOND NEWMAN, Esq., K.C.
C. PALEY SMITH, Esq., K.C.
MAJOR T. HARRY.
MR. HOWARD BOWEN, K.C. (obscured by waiter).
MR. BRUCE THOMAS, K.C.
EDWARD MAULE, Esq., K.C.
H. C. CUTTING, Esq., K.C.
LORD JUSTICE SOMERVELL.
MR. THOMAS MALONY.

From the painting by Terence Cuneo. Reproduced by the Courtesy of the Masters of the Bench of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple.

A description of the occasion appears on another page.





MASTERPIECES OF SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY FLORAL PORTRAITURE: STUDIES OF ANEMONE CORONARIA FORMS, ON VIEW IN A CURRENT LONDON EXHIBITION.

The exhibition of "Flower Books and Their Illustrators," which Lord Aberconway, president of the Royal Horticultural Society, arranged to open at the National Book League, Albemarle Street, on April 27, includes many rare and beautiful books and MSS. His Majesty the King has graciously consented to lend treasures from the Royal Library, Windsor, and valuable books from the Library of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, have left the precincts of the Herbarium for the first time; while treasures from private collections include Nicolas Robert's "*Guirlande de Julie*," never before seen in this country. The Eton Herbal (1200 A.D.) and the

Stonyhurst Book of Hours (1480) are also in the exhibition, as well as a number of splendid hand-painted flower books of the seventeenth century. The studies of anemones—garden varieties of *A. Coronaria*—reproduced on this page are from the superb *Florilegium* by François de Geest. On the binding it is called "*Bloemboeck door P. F. Geest*," and on a title-page inside "*Jardin de Rares et curieux Fleurs faits par François de Geest de Leovarde en Frise*" (Leeuwarden). In our issue dated September 25, 1948, we published in colour portraits of iris species from this book. The exhibition at the National Book League will continue until June.

A LOVE GIFT OF THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: NOW ON VIEW IN LONDON.



NOW ON VIEW AT THE EXHIBITION OF "FLOWER BOOKS AND THEIR ILLUSTRATORS": THE TITLE-PAGE OF "LA GUIRLANDE DE JULIE," FAMOUS FRENCH FLORILEGIUM, 1641, PRODUCED IN HONOUR OF Mlle. JULIE D'ANGENNES DE RAMBOUILLET.



THE ROSE FROM THE GUIRLANDE. THE MADRICAL WHICH ACCOMPANIED THIS PAINTING WAS ONE OF THE SIXTEEN WRITTEN BY MONTAUSIER, WHO COURTED JULIE FOR TEN YEARS.

"La Guirlande de Julie" is one of the many treasures lent to the Exhibition of Flower Books and their Illustrators arranged by Mr. Wilfrid Blunt at the National Book League, 7, Albemarle Street, which opened on April 28, and will continue for six weeks. This famous French Florilegium has not only intrinsic beauty, but a romantic source. It is a memorial to the ten years' courtship of Mlle. Julie-Lucine d'Angennes de Rambouillet by the Baron de Sainte-Maure afterwards

From a Private Collection in France.



THE CARNATION (L'ŒILLET), ONE OF THE TWENTY-NINE PAINTINGS OF FLOWERS BY NICOLAS ROBERT IN THE GUIRLANDE, PRESENTED BY MONTAUSIER TO JULIE.



THE IRIS (LA FLAMME) FROM THE GUIRLANDE. THE MADRICAL WHICH ACCOMPANIES THIS PAINTING WAS ALSO WRITTEN BY MONTAUSIER, THE WOOPER.

Duc de Montausier. He commissioned this "chef d'œuvre de la galanterie" as a gift to Julie before he went to the wars in 1641. It consists of a beautifully bound book containing twenty-nine paintings on vellum of flowers by Nicolas Robert and sixty-two madrigals written by the beaux esprits of the day. (Montausier wrote sixteen), and inscribed by Nicolas Jarry, famous calligrapher of the period. We reproduce a page in colour from another exhibit on our facing page.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



LORD LAYTON.

Lord Layton has resigned the chairmanship of the *News Chronicle* and the *Star* on completion of twenty years as chairman of the former newspaper. He has taken this step in order to devote himself more fully to public duties, but he remains a member of the board of the Daily News Ltd., which owns the two newspapers, and also one of the trustees who control their policy. Lord Layton has been succeeded by Mr. L. J. Cadbury.



ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED: PRINCESS ALIX OF LUXEMBURG AND PRINCE ANTOINE DE LIGNE, SON OF THE BELGIAN AMBASSADOR TO INDIA.

The engagement of Princess Alix, daughter of Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxemburg, to Prince Antoine de Ligne, son of the Belgian Ambassador to India, was officially announced on April 18. Princess Alix, who is twenty, is the youngest of the six children of Grand Duchess Charlotte and Prince Felix. Prince Antoine de Ligne, who is twenty-five, is the youngest of four children of Prince Eugene, twelfth Prince de Ligne. Our photograph of Princess Alix was taken during a recent visit to Rome.



M. JOLIOT CURIE.

Dismissed on April 28 by the French Council of Ministers from his post as High Commissioner for Atomic Energy, M. Joliot-Curie is a Communist, and at the recent Communist Congress ended his speech by saying that "progressive and Communist scientists would never yield a fraction of their knowledge to make war on the Soviet Union." M. Joliot Curie married the daughter of Mme. Curie, co-discoverer of radium.



MR. WALTER HUTCHINSON.

Mr. Walter Hutchinson, head of the English publishing firm bearing his name, died on April 30, at the age of sixty-two, after a long illness. In 1946 he bought Derby House, in Stratford Place, London, which he renamed Hutchinson House. There he established the "National Gallery of British Sports and Pastimes," which was opened last year. He was a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, the Royal Anthropological Institute, the Royal Society of Arts, and the Zoological Society. The Turf was one of his major interests, and he was a keen bloodstock breeder. His *Blue Coral* finished third in the Cesarewitch last year.



AT THE "FLOWER BOOKS" EXHIBITION IN LONDON: H.M. QUEEN MARY LOOKING AT AN EARLY SIXTEENTH-CENTURY FLORILEGIUM, WITH MR. WILFRID BLUNT, ART MASTER AT ETON COLLEGE, WHO ARRANGED THE EXHIBITION.

On April 28 H.M. Queen Mary, who will be eighty-three on May 26, paid a visit to the National Book League's Exhibition of Flower Books at 7, Albemarle Street. Some of the treasures which are on view at this exhibition are reproduced on page 705 of this issue. His Majesty the King is among those who have lent flower paintings and drawings, for the exhibition includes a number of manuscript flower books from the Royal Library.



MR. W. T. CURTIS-WILLSON.

Appointed President of the Newspaper Society. Despite the fact that Mr. Curtis-Willson was blinded in World War I, being admitted to St. Dunstan's in July, 1916, he has taken a more vigorous and active part in public life than most people who have their sight. Among numerous other activities, he controls a progressive weekly newspaper; was a founder member and was elected first Vice-President of the International Federation of the Press; is a member of the Joint Labour Committee of the British Federation of Master Printers; and has been a J.P. since 1938. He has also raised and commanded five squadrons of the A.T.C.



COXSWAIN T. J. KING.

Awarded the gold medal of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution for conspicuous gallantry. The medal was presented to him by the Duchess of Kent at the Central Hall, Westminster, on April 26. Coxswain King, of St. Helier, Jersey, received the first gold medal to be awarded for five years for rescuing a crew of four from a yacht amid rocks in a heavy sea.



MR. ANDREW G. HENDERSON.

Elected President of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Mr. Henderson is the first architect practising in Scotland to be chosen as President of the R.I.B.A. Born in New Zealand, he has been a Fellow of the R.I.B.A. since 1931 and was President of the Glasgow Institute of Architects in 1934. Recent work by Mr. Henderson and his partners consists chiefly of schools and commercial buildings in the Glasgow area.



DR. THOMAS W. ALLEN.

Died on April 30, nine days before his eighty-eighth birthday. He was Senior Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and his chief contribution to classical learning lay in the field of Homeric studies. Dr. Allen was scholar and subsequently Fellow, tutor and librarian of Queen's College, Oxford. On reaching the age of seventy he relinquished his tutorial duties, but remained a Fellow. He wrote a number of books.



MR. SANDOR RONAI.

Has succeeded Mr. Arpad Szakasits as President of the Republic of Hungary. He is a former Minister of Foreign Trade and a member of the Politburo of the Hungarian Workers' Party. He has been a member of the Government since 1945. Mr. Szakasits' resignation came as a complete surprise to most Hungarians, and the formal announcement gave the reason as "ill-health." He had been President for twenty months.



H.H. THE SULTAN OF BRUNEL.

His Highness Ahmed Tajudin Akhazul Khairi Wadin, Sultan of Brunel, Borneo, since 1924, is proposing to visit Great Britain this summer. He will be accompanied by his wife, Tungku Ampuan; one of his daughters, and his secretary. The party, who are due to arrive at Southampton in the *William Rhys* on June 27, are expected to stay in London until the end of September.

CEREMONIAL, SPORT AND AN ANNIVERSARY: PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS.



A "MEMORIAL TO TWO HEROIC ENGLISHMEN": MR. CHURCHILL UNVEILING THE TABLET COMMEMORATING ADMIRAL LORD KEYES AND LIEUT.-COLONEL GEOFFREY KEYES, V.C.

On April 17 in the quiet of the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, Mr. Winston Churchill unveiled a plaque in the wall of the Nelson Chamber which reads: "Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes, Bt., M.P., First Baron Keyes of Zeebrugge and Dover, 1872-1945. Also His Eldest Son, Lt.-Col. Geoffrey Keyes, V.C., M.C., Croix de Guerre, The Royal Scots Greys and 11th (Scottish) Commando, 1917-1941, killed leading the raid on Enemy H.Q., Libya. Their name liveth for evermore."



SPEAKING AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY DINNER ON APRIL 27: THE PRIME MINISTER, WITH SIR GERALD KELLY, P.R.A., THE BRAZILIAN AMBASSADOR AND MR. CHURCHILL TO HIS LEFT. The Prime Minister, principal guest at the annual Royal Academy dinner at Burlington House on April 27, replied to the toast of his Majesty's Ministers. Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A., was in the chair, and Mr. Churchill supported him in replying to the toast of the Royal Academy.



THE WINNER OF A LONDON-MANCHESTER FLIGHT IN 1910 REPEATS THE JOURNEY—IN A GLOSTER METEOR VII.: M. PAULHAN STARTS ON HIS ANNIVERSARY TRIP.

On the fortieth anniversary of his flight from London to Manchester in 1910, for which he won the *Daily Mail* £10,000 prize, M. Louis Paulhan, French pioneer aviator, aged sixty-seven, made the same flight, as a passenger, in a Gloster Meteor VII. jet trainer—in 24 minutes. The time for the return flight was even shorter—19 minutes. In 1910 M. Paulhan was allowed 24 hours to qualify for the prize for the same journey, made in a 45-h.p. Farman biplane. His last flight as a pilot was in 1930.



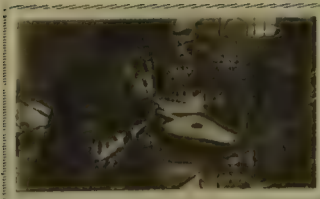
THE OPENING OF THE THAMES WATER-BUS SERVICE, 1950 SEASON: MRS. ATTLEE AT THE WHEEL OF ONE OF THE NEW CRAFT. IN FRONT ARE DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE MEN. Mrs. Attlee opened the Thames water-bus service for the 1950 season at a short ceremony at Charing Cross Pier on April 26. Later, with the Prime Minister and other guests, she made a trip in M.V. *Festival*, the latest of the new craft designed for the 1951 Festival.

(LEFT.) THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AS A POLO-PLAYER: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ABOUT TO PLAY IN A MATCH AT MALTA FOR A TEAM CAPTAINED BY VICE-ADMIRAL LORD MOUNTBATTEN.

During his tour of duty with the Mediterranean Fleet, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh has been taking part in the sporting life of Malta. He turns out whenever possible with Vice-Admiral Lord Mountbatten's polo team with Princess Elizabeth as a keenly interested spectator. On April 29 the Pegasus Club of Malta challenged the ship's company of H.M.S. *Chequers*, the destroyer in which his Royal Highness is serving, at an athletic meeting held at Valletta. The Duke of Edinburgh competed in the javelin event and produced the best individual performance—115 ft. The Pegasus Club beat *Chequers* by 42 points to 30.

(RIGHT.) COMPETING IN THE JAVELIN EVENT DURING AN ATHLETIC MEETING IN MALTA: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH MAKING A THROW OF 115 FT., THE BEST INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCE.





THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



FIFTY YEARS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

WITH this issue, Captain Bruce Ingram celebrates his fifty years as Editor of *The Illustrated London News*. It is appropriate, as well as tempting, on such an occasion to review progress. "The World of Science" page began before 1900 under the title of "Science Jottings," contributed by Dr. Andrew Wilson. In 1907, seven years after Mr. Ingram assumed the editorship, the title was changed to "Science and Natural History." In September, 1912, Mr. W. P. Pycraft shared the page with F. L. on alternate weeks; and so it continued until 1922, when F. L. dropped out of the picture and the title reverted to "Science Jottings." Mr. Pycraft continued his weekly contributions until 1942, when his death brought his thirty-years association with the paper to an end. It was during this time, in 1923, that the title "The World of Science" was adopted. From 1942 to 1946, the page was filled weekly by Mr. A. E. Grew, who sought to give both natural and physical sciences equal emphasis. From 1946 until the present day the emphasis has been markedly on natural history, though the contributions have come from over a score of authors.

In a number of ways, the history of this page is symbolic of the growth of popular interest in science, particularly in biology. Prior to 1900, a knowledge of natural history was apt to be the prerogative of the few. There were, of course, the museums and the zoos, to make a closer acquaintance with animals available to everyone; and the London Zoo, more particularly, had already become established as a national institution. Plants could be studied at first hand in botanic gardens and parks. There were, too, popular books on natural history; and in this connection, we can recall the names of Buckland, the Rev. Woods, Edmund Gosse and others. There were the numerous local natural history societies, many of which have now closed down or, at best, are struggling to remain active. Even so, natural history commanded nothing like the popular interest that it does to-day. The great Darwinian controversy had, however, produced an unexpected result, for while the main stream of argument tended in time to peter out, an offshoot of it gathered strength, for the interest aroused in man's relationship with the rest of the living world has burgeoned

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

laboratories, experimental agricultural stations, and the like. Some natural history societies, like the London Natural History Society, began to outstrip their fellows, to expand to-day into large memberships combining organised and serious work with entertainment. Towards the end of the century, also, new learned societies, or associations, with a more purposeful aim, having a biological bias or flavour, began to spring up, so that to-day they are numbered by the score where formerly they were a handful. The literature on the subject began to grow; both the scientific journals and the books for the layman have increased enormously. These and many other events have combined to focus popular attention on the living world around. If we be not mistaken, with rare exceptions, natural history, up to 1900, figured in school curricula as nature study—taught in a limited way chiefly in girls' schools. A very different picture is presented to-day. Fifty years ago, a biologist or naturalist was regarded popularly as something of an abnormality whose most valuable contribution to human affairs was the material he afforded for caricature. To-day we accept him—or her—as almost normal or perhaps, even, having a value to the community that we should hardly have deemed possible half a century ago.

Turning over the pages of *The Illustrated London News* for the past fifty years, we see these changes reflected as in a phantom etching. It is not possible to go into details here of the contents of these pages, but the page-headings alone will provide a sufficient clue. The "Science Jottings" of 1900 to 1907 suggest a spare-moment entertainment value which later adolcesced to "Science and Natural History." Already, then, natural history was picked out as having a major importance—or was it that natural history was not recognised as a science? In 1922, however, as if afraid of the bold initiative shown, there was a reversion to the "Science Jottings" for a brief spell, before the "World of Science" page was born.

It may be that an injustice is being done to the physical sciences that for so long the "World of Science" page has been devoted so largely to natural history. It may be that, in a periodical typically

SOME NOTABLE SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS RECORDED IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH TO BE TAKEN OF A LIVING OKAPI: A CALF ABOUT A MONTH OLD—FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF SEPTEMBER 7, 1907.



THE FIRST DINOSAUR EGGS EVER SEEN BY A HUMAN BEING: A PHOTOGRAPH OF ONE OF THE FOSSILISED EGGS DISCOVERED IN THE Gobi DESERT—FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF DECEMBER 15, 1923.

The first half of the twentieth century has seen some sensational discoveries in the world of natural science, and these have been duly recorded in the pages of *The Illustrated London News* during the fifty years that Captain Bruce Ingram has been its Editor. Here we illustrate from our pages some of the outstanding events—the discovery of the okapi on the north-eastern border of the Congo forest in 1900 and the capture of a living specimen in 1907; the discovery of a number of dinosaur eggs in the Gobi

[Continued opposite.]

to-day in a realisation that the fate of mankind is inextricably bound up with that of the rest of animate nature.

It is difficult to say whether it is this realisation that has converted the study of natural history from one having a purely utilitarian, or cultural, value, to one having a starkly utilitarian, though still entertaining, purpose. Or whether the changing attitude to the science itself has compelled the realisation. At all events, there has been a change, and in it. Another landmark in the history of this science stands out, in retrospect, as symbolic, though perhaps not symptomatic, of this pending change. In the mid-nineteenth century the British Museum was becoming filled to overflowing, and in 1884 the Natural History Department was transferred to its new home in South Kensington, and officially styled the British Museum (Natural History)—though popular usage, as well as the London Telephone Directory, still dub it the Natural History Museum. By whatever name we call it, however, the bud had left the parent plant and taken root elsewhere to epitomise, if not to lead, a renaissance of man's interest in the things that mattered most to him, for whatever we may say of the physical sciences, primitive man clearly had a close interest in biology, and none in physics and chemistry.

Concurrently with the Natural History Museum attaining its independence, or soon after, began the establishment and growth of the marine biological



A FISH, FIVE FEET LONG, WHOSE DISCOVERY WAS ONE OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL SCIENTIFIC EVENTS OF THIS CENTURY: *Latimeria chalumnae*, A LONE SURVIVOR OF A LONG EXTINCT GROUP OF FISHES—FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF MARCH 11, 1939.

[Continued.] Desert by the Third Asiatic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History, in co-operation with Asia Magazine and the American Asiatic Society, in 1923; the discovery of *Latimeria chalumnae*, a survivor of the Coelacanth group of fishes which was believed to have been extinct for 50,000,000 years, off the coast of South Africa in December 1938; and, finally, the sensational re-discovery of *Notornis hochstetteri*, a New Zealand bird believed to have been extinct for fifty years, by Dr. G. Orbell in 1948.



THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE RECENTLY RE-DISCOVERED "EXTINCT" TAKAHĒ (*Notornis hochstetteri*): A COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY THE DISCOVERER, DR. G. ORBELL, FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF DECEMBER 25, 1948.

illustrated with photographs, natural history is the science that lends itself most readily to illustration in conformity with the remaining pages. On the other hand, it is possible that, fundamentally, modern civilised man, like ancient primitive man, has a more lively interest in things that live and grow and move about. Possibly it is because it is more easy to reduce to everyday terms—or something approaching everyday terms—the facts of living as compared with inanimate nature. Certainly, whatever be the reasons why the "World of Science" page has been, and is still, so largely filled with natural history subjects, no small additional reason is found in the personality of Bruce Ingram, who has always been an animal lover, in the truest sense, with a flair for unusual pets.

Perhaps this "shooting a line" on behalf of natural history may be fittingly brought to a close with one more observation. Once again flicking the pages of *The Illustrated London News* reveals that, whereas fifty years ago the greatest enthusiasm was engendered by the discovery of some new animal, okapi or the like, to-day there is more obvious interest in the preservation of the animals we know and the efforts being made to circumvent their extinction. The popular hero to-day is he who shoots wild animals with a camera instead of, as fifty years ago, a gun.

ENGLISH ROOMS IN A MUSEUM.



IN THE NEWLY-ARRANGED VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM GALLERIES: A PANELLED ROOM FROM HATTON GARDEN, c. 1730, WITH CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH FURNISHINGS.



AN OAK-PANELLED ROOM FROM CLIFFORD'S INN, c. 1618, FURNISHED WITH PIECES c. 1675-1700 AND HUNG WITH A SPLENDID MORTLAKE TAPESTRY.



ONE OF THE ROOMS IN THE GALLERIES EXHIBITING THE DECORATIVE ARTS IN ENGLAND, 1660-1750: THE SPLENDID MUSIC ROOM FROM NORFOLK HOUSE BY MATHEW BRETTINGHAM.

The newly-decorated and arranged Galleries exhibiting the Decorative Arts in England, from 1660-1750 which have just been reopened to the public at the Victoria and Albert Museum contain some of the finest English furniture in the Museum's collection as well as four period rooms, three of which we illustrate. The carpet in the room from Hatton Garden was made at Exeter in 1757. The tapestry in the room from Clifford's Inn was designed by Francis Clein and woven at Mortlake. The library table in the Music Room from Norfolk House was formerly at Coombe Abbey, Warwickshire, and was illustrated in our issue of January 1, 1949, at the time of its purchase by the Museum with the assistance of the National Art-Collections Fund. The fourth room, which we do not illustrate, is from Great George Street, Westminster, c. 1760.

ADAM INTERIORS AT SYON HOUSE.

Syon House, Isleworth, the Middlesex seat of the Duke of Northumberland, is one of the historic country houses within easy reach of London which may now be visited by the public. It is open on Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays between 1 p.m. and 4.30 p.m. (2s.), an arrangement which will continue until October 31. The present house was built by Robert Adam, about 1760, and is magnificently decorated in the neo-classical manner associated with the Adam brothers. It occupies the site of a nunnery of St. Bridget, founded in 1431, and was granted to the Protector Somerset after the Dissolution. Lady Jane Grey was living there when the attempt to place her on the throne was launched in 1553, and Queen Catherine Howard was confined there before her execution. The present mansion contains many works of art.



SHOWING IN THE CENTRE A SUPERB SÈVRES URN PRESENTED TO THE THIRD DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND IN 1825: A MAGNIFICENT INTERIOR AT SYON HOUSE, ISLEWORTH.



DECORATED IN NEO-CLASSICAL STYLE BY ROBERT ADAM: THE LARGE DINING-ROOM AT SYON HOUSE, WHICH HAS BEEN THROWN OPEN TO VISITORS FROM MAY 3 TO OCTOBER 31.

The World of the Theatre.

RETURN JOURNEYS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

FOR nearly everyone in the Arts Theatre Club on the first night of "Ivanov," the occasion was something rich and strange. Technically, the production was a revival; but few could remember clearly the two Stage Society performances in 1925, when Tchekhov had not reached his present fame in Britain. None foresaw then a period when "The Cherry Orchard" and "The Three Sisters" would go, as a matter of course, into the classical repertory.

"Ivanov," indeed—I speak of the British stage—is that curiosity, an almost unscratched play by a master-dramatist. One can find Tchekhov's view of it in the "Life and Letters." He was twenty-seven when he wrote "Ivanov" in "a dark little study in a Moscow suburb," sending it act by act to the theatre manager, E. A. Korsh. The first performance at Korsh's in Moscow in November, 1887, had a curious reception. "The public," writes Michael Tchekhov, "leaped from their seats, some applauded, some hissed loudly and whistled, others stamped their feet." Still, production in Moscow and St. Petersburg proved to be financially acceptable. Tchekhov went on working for the stage.

When he wrote to his brother Alexander after the first night, he described his emotions as he sat behind the scenes "in a tiny box like a prisoner's cell." The first three acts appeared to be successful enough, though the actor who played Ivanov did not say a single phrase correctly and arrived in the fourth act "as drunk as a cobbler." At the end the house did not understand the death of Ivanov (he is, says Tchekhov, "unable to bear the insult he has received" at the wedding party), and the reception was what we now call mixed. Tchekhov took it all cheerfully; a few days later he wrote a philosophic note to Alexander, signed "your Schiller Shakespeareovich Goethe."

After fourteen months he was in St. Petersburg for another production of "Ivanov." Earlier he had written a long explanatory letter to his friend, A. S. Souvorin, the editor. I imagine (after reading this) that Tchekhov would have been pleased by the performance of Michael Hordern in John Fernald's new production at the Arts. Here is an actor of whom much should be heard. He has presence, imagination, and a fine voice; he fought superbly with Ivanov's maddening part. For it is indeed maddening; I feel it is Ivanov himself who has prevented the play from being revived more often. Elsewhere in it we get so much of the major Tchekhov, so many intimations of immortality. The comedy is as fertile as anything in the other plays; the second act, in particular, is a cunning and complex design. Only Ivanov tramples on the play: this, too, though Mr. Hordern does for him as much as any actor I could name.

We are again in one of the provinces of Central Russia towards the end of the nineteenth century: the lost Russia that, in its languor and its ardours, lives for us so warmly on Tchekhov's stage. When the curtain rises upon the garden on a summer night, the bombastic Michael Borkin, in fun, is pointing a revolver at Ivanov. At the end of the fourth act Ivanov turns the weapon on himself. From the first, that shot has been in waiting. The man is an idealist who has overtaxed himself, a man with what Tchekhov calls "Russian excitability . . . quickly followed by fatigue." Although only thirty-five, he is profoundly, prematurely weary. He has another Russian trait, a sense of guilt. "Whether anyone has died in his house, or is ill, whether he owes or whether he lends," wrote Tchekhov to Souvorin, "a Russian always feels guilty. Ivanov all the time harps on his guilt and his feeling of guilt grows at every step." He is

tired and lonely, he does not understand himself, and he cannot cope with the problems he must face. "Disillusionment, apathy, nervous debility and



"MR. DULCIMER ARRANGES THE FLOWERS" IN THE REVIVAL (AT THE PLAYHOUSE) OF MORDAUNT SHAIPIR'S "THE GREEN BAY TREE," HUGH WILLIAMS (LEFT) AS MR. DULCIMER, "THE WEALTHY HEDONIST WITH A LUST FOR POSSESSION"; AND HENRY HEWITT AS TRUMP, "AN ACE OF GENTLEMEN'S GENTLEMEN."



"A DISTINGUISHED PLAY COMPETENTLY ACTED": A SCENE FROM "THE GREEN BAY TREE," SHOWING SOME OF THE PROTAGONISTS IN A "FIGHT FOR A SOUL BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL ANGELS." (L. TO R.) MR. DULCIMER (HUGH WILLIAMS), TRUMP (HENRY HEWITT), LEONORA (BRENDA BRUCE) AND JULIAN, "THE WEAK YOUTH WHO CANNOT FACE LIFE WITHOUT LUXURY" (JACK WATLING).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"IVANOV" (Arts).—A Tchekhov play of 1887 (produced by John Fernald; translated by J. P. Davis) that surprises the London of 1950. Michael Hordern establishes his name. "THE GREEN BAY TREE" (Playhouse).—Again Mr. Dulcimer arranges the flowers in Mordaunt Shaiplr's drama of the 'thirties, a distinguished play competently acted in a new interpretation. "CRY LIBERTY" (Vaudeville).—A brave cast (led by Edwin Styles and Joyce Barbour) cannot help Esther McCracken's barren comedy. We sympathise with her attack on bureaucracy, but not with her dramatic method. "THE ORANGE ORCHARD" (New Lindsey).—Once more Eden Phillpotts (eighty-eight next birthday) is happily in Devon. "TRILBY" (Bedford).—Svengali, after all these years, remains hypnotic.

lassitude are the inevitable consequences of excessive excitability. Such excitability is peculiar to our young people in an extreme degree."

Michael Hordern, acting this tragic figure with consistent power and sincerity, cannot save the man from drowning in a cascade of words. The part should be shortened. Cuts, especially in the third and fourth acts, would make all the difference to a play which has so much astonishing comedy and some scenes of penetrating drama. It will be regrettable if "Ivanov," after re-discovery, goes off the map once more and does not enter the Tchekhov roll-call. There are various acute performances at the Arts. Helen Shingler gives pathos and beauty to Ivanov's dying wife; Hugh Pryse's fusty old Count rattles amusingly as a skeleton in the Ivanov cupboard; Helena Pickard can time her bounce-and-chatter as the widow who would like to be a Countess; and Frederick Leicester, with his invariable art, smooths along a kindly old drunkard. "Ivanov" may be unequal work, but it is signed by a master: once more we must thank the Arts Theatre for an imaginative restoration.

We are grateful also to the firm of Alec L. Rea and E. P. Clift for another return journey. This play is better known, Mordaunt Shaiplr's "The Green Bay Tree," which was done first in London seventeen years ago. I remember clearly the original production and the late Frank Vosper's sleek watchfulness as Dulcimer, evil influence in the life of the boy Julian whom he had "bought" from a drunken Welsh father and trained to a life of luxury. I remember also Herbert Lomas's fervour as the converted Welshman who is nicknamed "Isaiah," and who, in Mr. Lomas's performance, seemed to deserve the title. The evening had a sinister quality that lived with one. It was a fight for a soul between good and evil angels—on the one hand Julian's father, and the young girl (surprisingly, a "vet.") who seeks to marry the boy, and on the other side, Dulcimer in his luxurious cage. In the revival it remains a moving play, but the emphasis has shifted. Dulcimer's precise relationship with Julian is no longer underlined. The fight between a wealthy hedonist with a lust for possession, and the friends of a weak youth who cannot face life without

luxury, continues to be dramatically strong and absorbing. The play has style; it is shaped with wit. Mordaunt Shaiplr wrote it with an economical precision that one wishes Tchekhov had used in the part of Ivanov. Although the new production (Playhouse) does not blot my memories of the old, it is well done, on the whole. Hugh Williams (formerly Julian) is now the Dulcimer, a steelier egoist than Vosper used to be: a man who will bear no crossing. Brenda Bruce, Walter Fitzgerald and Jack Watling are all efficient, and Henry Hewitt, as Trump, is again an ace of gentlemen's gentlemen.

Dulcimer, though he would hate to be so described, is a more expensive Svengali. During the week we met the old Svengali again, in a "Trilby" revival at Camden Town. Abraham Sofaer, as the "spider-cat," is the actor for this queer stuff-and-nonsense which still clenches the attention, so

firmly in fact that we realise Herbert Tree was right to ignore the advice of his brother, Max Beerbohm, and to put "Trilby" on his list. It held some of us with more certainty than the Esther McCracken frivol, "Cry Liberty," at the Vaudeville. Here we were on a return journey—not to the play, which was new to London (I cannot recall any other work about the erection of a mushroom-shed), but to its characters, who were snatched from the dullest stock. The cast went gaily into the fight. Alas, no one, I am afraid, will be likely to revive this piece sixty years on.



AN IMPORTANT RECENT ACQUISITION FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY: A PROFILE PORTRAIT OF A LADY BY
AMBROGIO PREDA (C. 1455—AFTER 1508) NOW ON EXHIBITION IN THE VESTIBULE.

The beautiful portrait of a lady by Ambrogio Preda which we illustrate is a new acquisition for the National Gallery and is on exhibition in the vestibule. It was presented by Mrs. Otto Gutekunst in memory of her husband, together with a portrait of a Doge attributed to Titian. Until now the National Gallery had no woman's portrait by Preda, one of the best-known Milanese painters to be associated with Leonardo da Vinci, and the picture is thus a most welcome gift. The identity of the sitter is difficult to establish. It has sometimes been thought to be one of the mistresses of Lodovico il Moro,

Duke of Milan (1451-1508), either Lucrezia Crivelli or Cecilia Gallerani, on the ground that the belt she wears has a buckle ornamented with a Moor's head between the letters L and O; but Malaguzzi Valeri, in his book on the Court of il Moro, rejects both these identifications. Some association with Lodovico il Moro is possible, although a Moor's head was not his usual emblem. Preda (sometimes known as Ambrogio de Predis) was one of il Moro's favourite painters and probably accompanied him to Innsbruck in 1499 and then painted the portraits of Maximilian and the Empress, now in Vienna.

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IN a note about some English decanters early this year, I mentioned the importance of George Ravenscroft's experiments in glass manufacture from which the modern industry can be said to have come into being, and I also referred to a remark by Samuel Pepys in the year 1663 to the effect that his wine-bottles were stamped with his crest—proof, of course, that he was rising in the world and could afford to take a proper pride in his household appointments. This note of mine brought several enquiries and a request that I would illustrate a piece or two by Ravenscroft—and also one of Pepys' wine-bottles! I am afraid that great Secretary of the Navy omitted to include a wine-bottle or two in the bequest of his library to Magdalene College, Cambridge. I can only show the sort of thing which may have appeared on his table, though whether one or two of his had handles no one can tell.

Anyway, here are two serving-bottles (Fig. 1), ancestors of the decanter as it was developed during the eighteenth century, which will answer the question. Each bears an impressed seal, and the one on the right reads "Daniell Dowsing de Norwich 1700." They are dark green and rather coarse, but I think most people will find their shapes very agreeable if not exactly elegant. Note the thumb-piece on the top of the handle—an echo of the thumb-piece the silversmith would put on a fine heavy silver tankard—and also the rim just beneath the aperture, which means that they had no glass stopper but were stopped with a cork, which was tied with a string round the rim just as champagne-bottles to-day are tied with a thin wire. These extremely interesting objects recording social customs can be said to mark the transition stage from the mere bottle to the far more sophisticated decanter of a generation later, one very rare example of which—dating from about 1750—is seen in



FIG. 2. ENGRAVED WITH JACOBITE EMBLEMS: A DECANTER AND ENGRAVED BOWL, c. 1750. The decanter and bowl illustrate the "average standards of form and decoration attained by the middle of the eighteenth century." The rose-spray and buds symbolise the Jacobite cause.

Fig. 2: a piece of sturdy refinement, with a pointed cut-glass stopper and fine engraving. This wheel engraving (not, as in earlier soda-glass, engraving by scratching with a diamond point held in the hand) is in the form of a rose-spray and buds. This symbolises the Jacobite cause, and a whole series of wine-glasses bearing these and related emblems will be familiar to most readers.

The decanter and the beautiful little bowl which it appear here, not so much because they are Jacobite pieces (though that gives them additional interest), but as showing what can be regarded as average standards of form and decoration attained by the middle of the eighteenth century. The hypercritical may feel that, from the purely aesthetic point of view, the neck of this decanter is a trifle too thick, and the engraved rose a trifle too large; none the less, most will agree that the standard is very high, both in shape and decoration. I have the impression (though I'm not in touch with the people concerned) that this is the sort of eighteenth-century production which certain of our modern designers have in their mind's eye when they evolve the best of their decanters and bowls and glasses; they

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. SOME ENGLISH GLASS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

are not by any means copyists, but this is the sort of climate, it seems to me, in which they work, and very beautiful things they make. Of how many other craftsmen of the year 1950 can it be said that they are the equals of their ancestors of 1750? I would place glass-manufacturers very high in the list.

So much, then, for Samuel Pepys and his wine-bottles and what happened inside a century. Now for George Ravenscroft—a shadowy figure, it is true,

treasures of the Bedford Museum. It bears his impressed seal—a raven's head—at the base of the handle. As to style, it clearly owes much to Venetian jugs made at Murano, but I think that even in a photograph one can detect that it is made in a far heavier material: indeed, there is about it something of the solid magnificence of silver. Date 1676-78. We can class it as an object of luxury, not perhaps quite the thing for everyman's table.

When we look at examples of the heavy goblets, which belong to the last years of the seventeenth century, we are seeing in quite common, simple objects the results of Ravenscroft's discovery. (When I write "quite common" I don't mean they are easily found now—far from it—but that they were the ordinary glasses manufactured for the market at this early period.) Many of us consider that nothing better suited for their purpose has ever been made: those broad bases, those heavy baluster stems, the beautifully-balanced bowls and the quality of the metal, which is something which must be actually seen, as it cannot be illustrated by photography. The shape of these goblets, with greater or less variations—for example, the rim flaring slightly outwards—remained the norm for nearly half a century.

Here, in order to round off the story, I have to refer again to a circumstance which received attention in a previous note on the subject. The fashion would doubtless have changed, but it is interesting to speculate as to whether it would have changed in the way it did had it not been for Government interference. Glass—this sort of glass—was sold by weight: consequently, it was in the interest of the makers to put heavy, substantial wares on the market. In 1745 the Government, looking round as Governments do for additional sources of revenue, hit upon the notion of

an excise tax, to be calculated, of course, not by the piece but by weight. This unquestionably gave additional impulse to a trend which was already noticeable—towards lighter wares altogether, and to various forms of decoration, notably engraving; indeed, anything which would cut down the total amount of the duty, and at the same time provide an adequate excuse for keeping up prices to the public. What more likely to intrigue buyers than those ingenious and charming devices of air twists in the stems of wine-glasses, and so forth,



FIG. 1. ANCESTORS OF THE DECANTER: TWO DARK-GREEN SERVING-BOTTLES. These bottles each bear an impressed seal, and that on the right reads "Daniell Dowsing de Norwich 1700."

but impressive enough—a practical, patient man, backed by a syndicate of very businesslike shop-keepers, who succeeded, after numerous experiments, in making metal which was not the fragile soda-glass of the past, but "flint glass" or "glass of lead," which could stand up to anything but rough usage and heat and was good to look at. Pieces by him are, of course, rare—very rare indeed—and here in Fig. 3 is one of them. Needless to say, it is not the least among the special



FIG. 3. AN EXTREMELY RARE PIECE: A JUG BY GEORGE RAVENSCROFT, c. 1676-78. This rare piece bears the impressed seal of the maker, George Ravenscroft, a raven's head, at the base of the handle. Illustrations by Courtesy of the Cecil Higgins Museum, Bedford.

OUR CENTRE DOUBLE PAGE IN COLOUR BY TERENCE CUNEO. A description of the historic occasion it records.

A UNIQUE event in the history of the Inns of Court is recorded by the painting reproduced on pages ii and iii of our Supplement—the occasion when his Majesty the King and her Majesty the Queen, as Treasurers respectively of the Inner Temple and the Middle Temple, presided at a joint dinner of the Masters of the Bench of both Honourable Societies, held in the ancient Elizabethan Hall of the Middle Temple on July 20, 1949, after its restoration from damage caused by enemy action during the recent war. Their Majesties were received by the Deputy Treasurers, Lord Merriman and Sir Henry MacGeagh, K.C., and proceeded to the Queen's Room, where upwards of 140 Benchers were presented before dinner was served. In attendance on their Majesties were the Countess of Halifax, Sir Alan Lascelles, Sir Arthur Penn, Group Captain Townsend and Major Harvey. Thereafter the Company, led by the King and the Queen, passed in procession to the Hall. With the assembly standing, Master Treasurer the Queen then read the traditional Elizabethan "Grace before Meat." After dinner her Majesty read "Grace after Meat." The King's health having been proposed by her Majesty, the King rose and proposed the health of the Queen. During the course of the evening the toasts of the two Societies were proposed by the Royal Treasurers respectively, and presentations of silver-gilt snuff-boxes with the Royal Cipher were made by the King and Queen to their Inns in commemoration of their year of office. Later in the evening, on the dais in the Hall, their Majesties, using the respective keys of the two Inns, unlocked the ancient oak chest containing the Charter granted by King James I. in August, 1608, under which the two Societies hold most of their property. Having inspected the Charter, their Majesties signed, in triplicate, an illuminated Memorandum on vellum recording the inspection. Of this Memorandum, which was countersigned by the Deputy Treasurers, one copy was placed in the chest to be preserved with the Charter, and each Inn retained a copy for its archives. At the particular request of the King an Exemplification of the Memorandum was made and duly signed for preservation at Windsor Castle. Thus ended this unique and historic evening.

the beginnings of which, by the way, can be detected if one looks closely at the stem of an early baluster example. You can see just below the bowl a "tear"—that is, a small compartment in the shape of a drop of water—in fact, an air bubble imprisoned in the centre of the stem. This probably happened by accident originally, but a skilled glass-blower can play these tricks at will; the device is quite common.

While it is reasonable to ascribe some part of the change of fashion to the excise duty, I doubt whether it was responsible for all of it, or even for the major part. By this time all the crafts were on the move towards a less ponderous style, and the glass-makers could scarcely have failed to follow suit. What would these early workers in this beautiful metal have thought of modern electric furnaces with thermostatic control? Why, welcomed all such things with enthusiasm, and done just what the most far-seeing of their descendants are trying to achieve now—a varied series of products of the highest possible material quality and at the same time avoiding mere mechanical repetition: for this is still a craft and not merely a business.

ENGLISH AND NETHERLANDS LANDSCAPES; AND DUTCH PORTRAITS.



"A MOONLIT LANDSCAPE WITH A VIEW ACROSS A BROAD RIVER"; BY AERT VAN DER NEER (1603-1677). THIS WORK WAS EXHIBITED AT BURLINGTON HOUSE IN 1908.
Signed with monogram (42 by 58 ins.).



"THE CHURCH OF ST. MAGNUS THE MARTYR AND LONDON BRIDGE"; BY W. MARLOW (1740-1813), A SCHOLAR OF SAMUEL SCOTT, THE MARINE ARTIST.
(39 by 49 ins.)



"A VIEW ON THE THAMES AT WESTMINSTER"; BY SAMUEL SCOTT (B. EARLY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY; D. 1772). FROM THE SURREY SIDE, SHOWING THE ABBEY, ST. STEPHEN'S HALL; AND OLD WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.
(27 x 46 ins.)



"THE BETROTHAL"; BY FERDINAND BOLLS (1611-1681), A PUPIL OF REMBRANDT. EXHIBITED AT BURLINGTON HOUSE, 1910, WHEN IT WAS CATALOGUED AS A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AND HIS WIFE BY REMBRANDT. *(35 by 47 ins.)*

THE paintings reproduced on this page are due to be sold at Christie's on May 12. They are from the interesting collection which comes under the hammer by order of the Trustees of the Wauchope Settlement Trust. The Van der Neer which we illustrate is a fine example of the work of this artist, who specialised in moonlight effects, and is said to have painted over 200 without a single repetition of subject. Marlow, pupil of Samuel Scott, painted many scenes on the lower banks of the Thames, and in the neighbourhood of Twickenham and Richmond. The work of Ferdinand Bolls at its best closely resembles that of his great master, Rembrandt.



"PORTRAIT OF AN OLD LADY"; BY B. VAN DER HELST (c. 1611-1670), AN ARTIST WHO WAS BORN IN HAARLEM.
(38 by 31 ins.)

THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS" STORY OF THE GOLD TREASURE OF ZIWIYE.



FIG. 1. DETAIL FROM THE UPPER SECTION OF THE NINTH-CENTURY B.C. GOLD PECTORAL (FIG. 8) FOUND IN EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES IN AZERBAIJAN: SHOWING TREE-OF-LIFE AND IBEX MOTIFS.



FIG. 2. THE CONTINUATION RIGHT OF FIG. 1, SHOWING THE IBEX, EMBLEM OF FERTILITY; A WINGED SPHINX, WITH PHOENICIAN-STYLE KILT; AND A MAN-HEADED FIGURE OF ASSYRIAN STYLE.



FIG. 3. FROM THE LOWER SECTION OF THE PECTORAL: THE TREE-OF-LIFE IS SHOWN IN GREAT DETAIL, WITH A WINGED BULL LOOKING BACKWARDS. FIGS. 1 TO 5 ARE ALL DETAILS OF FIG. 8.



FIG. 4. THE CONTINUATION RIGHT OF FIG. 3: IT SHOWS THE WINGED AND BEARDED GENIE IN FULL IN AN ATTITUDE OF PRAYER; AND THE GRYPHON, WHICH IS FULLY SHOWN IN FIG. 5.



FIG. 5. THE CONTINUATION OF FIG. 4: THIS GRYPHON IS OF GREAT INTEREST (CF. FIG. 10), THE HEAD BEING COMPARABLE WITH ARCHAIC GREEK, THE KILT WITH PHOENICIAN ART.

THE story of the remarkable gold treasure of Ziwiye (illustrated on these pages) is largely adapted from an article by Mme. Yedda Godard, which appeared in *France-Illustration* of April 8 this year. (The occasional sentences in this article which are set between brackets do not occur in Mme. Godard's article, and are based on other sources.) Some three years ago, a shepherd boy minding his flocks on a hill near Ziwiye, in Azerbaijan, south-east of Lake Urmia (Fig. 7), noticed a sparkle of gold among some ancient ruins. It seemed to come from a fissure opened by a recent storm. He called to a friend who was gathering astragalus roots near by; and the two of them found certain other objects. A Jew who had been collecting a special earth to scour his pots offered to buy these objects and the boys agreed. That night the Jew buried the treasure in his garden and went off to make a further search of the hill. The boys, however, had told their friends and neighbours of their good fortune; and the villagers threatened the Jew, treated him roughly, and robbed him. They also made an extensive search of the original site, and when the whole find had been assembled, quarrelled about its ownership. In the end this

priceless find was broken up into small pieces and shared among all the contestants; and has only recently been reassembled—though whether in full is doubtful. The origin of the treasure would appear to be as follows. Towards the end of the eighth century B.C. Sargon II. boasted in an inscription at Khorsabad of having destroyed Izirtu, the capital of the Mannaeans, and their fortresses, Zibie and Armaid. The Mannaeans were rich and powerful vassals of the Assyrians and attempted to preserve a strategic neutrality between their neighbours, Assyria, and Urartu; and it would appear that on the threat of invasion they buried their principal treasures. M. André Godard, Director-General of the Archaeological Services of Iran, is of the opinion that the chief piece of the treasure, the magnificent pectoral (Fig. 8) is Mannean art of the ninth century B.C. The pectoral shows in two tiers a number of creatures, real and fabulous, all facing in to a tree-of-life, which appears in the centre of each tier. In the lower tier, a winged genie (Fig. 4) makes the gesture of prayer towards the cauldron of fire which crowns the tree-of-life (Fig. 3) and which is the symbol of the sun and also of the god Mardouk. A winged bull turns to look at him, and behind him stands (Figs. 4 and 5) a noble gryphon. (This gryphon, incidentally, is of very great interest as, besides wearing a kilt in the Phoenician style, its head and that in the protome shown in Fig. 10 are exactly comparable with a bronze gryphon-protome found in the Heraeum at Corinth, dated to the archaic Greek art of the early seventh century B.C., and illustrated in *The Illustrated London News* of May 2, 1931.) The upper tier of the pectoral shows an ibex, the symbol of fertility, rearing beside the tree-of-life (Fig. 1) and behind it (Fig. 2), a winged sphinx wearing a tiara in the mode of the time of Assurbanipal II. In addition to the pectoral, there is a fragment of a plaque, which was perhaps attached to a coffer (Fig. 6) which shows an interlacing of ribbons, like the branches

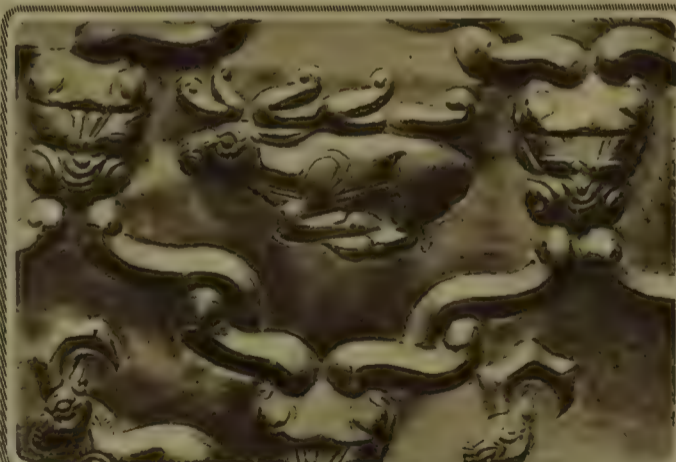


FIG. 6. A GOLD PLAQUE, PROBABLY DECORATION OF A COFFER. THE STAG IS MARKEDLY SCYTHIAN AND THE LION HEADS, WHICH LINK THE RIBBONS, BEING PARALLEL WITH FIG. 9.

(Continued on opposite page.)

TREASURE TROVE AFTER 3000 YEARS: A GOLD PECTORAL FROM AZERBAIJAN.

Continued.
of the pectoral's tree-of-life design, linked with lion's heads (which may be compared with Fig. 9) and containing the figure of a running, or maybe crouched, stag, which has definitely marked parallels with the later Scythian art and which suggests to M. Godard that the Mannean culture was the cradle of the art of the Scythians. The lion-heads of Fig. 6 and the small head of Fig. 9, which was probably the ending-piece of a thong, or perhaps a bracelet, suggest to M. Godard the art associated with Zagros. (In Fig. 9, however, it will be noticed that between the eyes are two bosses, and these are markedly in the Babylonian tradition and in Babylonian art frequently carry tufts of hair.) The gold gryphon-protome (Fig. 10) has already been mentioned. Its eyes were probably filled with a coloured paste in ancient times; (and in every detail, even to the ears and two curls which descend from them, it bears an amazing resemblance to the bronze gryphon-protome found at Corinth between the World

(Continued below.)

FIG. 7 (RIGHT). THE HILL AT ZIWIYE, SOUTH-EAST OF LAKE URMIA, IN AZERBAIJAN, WHERE THE GOLD PECTORAL (FIG. 8) WAS FOUND IN A SERIES OF "ARABIAN NIGHTS" ADVENTURES.



FIG. 8. HIDDEN (IN ALL PROBABILITY) IN THE EIGHTH CENTURY B.C. BY THE MANNEANS WHEN SARGON II. INVADDED THEM; FOUND A FEW YEARS AGO BY TWO SHEPHERD BOYS; DIVIDED INTO PIECES BY GREEDY VILLAGERS; AND NOW REASSEMBLED: THE AMAZING GOLD PECTORAL OF ZIWIYE, DETAILS OF WHICH APPEAR IN FIGS. 1 TO 5.



FIG. 9. FOUND WITH THE PECTORAL: A LION HEAD IN GOLD, THE END-PIECE OF A THONG. THE TWO BOSSES BETWEEN THE EYES ARE DEFINITELY IN THE BABYLONIAN TRADITION OF ART.

Continued.
Wars.) M. Godard has been carrying out some general researches into the geography of the kingdom of the Manneans; and acting on the basis that the modern Ziwiyeh is sufficiently identified by the discovery of the treasure with the ancient fortress of Zibie, searched the neighbourhood of Ziwiyeh and the natural road linking the basin of Lake Urmia with ancient Ecbatana (modern Hamadhan) for a site capable of carrying an important capital in ancient times. About three miles from Ziwiyeh he found a level area rich in water and set on a mountainous massif. This site is partly occupied by a modern village called Kaplantou; and here, he believes, stood Izirtou, the capital of the Manneans.



FIG. 10. A PROTOME OF GOLD, FOUND WITH THE PECTORAL, SHOWING A GRYPHON-HEAD, CLOSELY COMPARABLE WITH ARCHAIC GREEK ART. COMPARE ALSO FIG. 5.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

FOR Gabriel Chevallier, if "Mascarade" (Secker and Warburg; 9s. 6d.) is any clue to his development, the time of "full-blooded farce" seems to have gone by. Which need not strike one as odd. But since "uproarious" and "Rabelaisian" have become the words for him, it is just as natural that they should still be pinned on. This can be done with some congruity, for he has not wholly changed his style; but to prevent false hopes of "Mascarade," I must observe at once that its effect is by no means rollicking.

It has four stories, and the jacket says "One-Way Street" is "the most light-hearted of the four." To grasp the full implication, one would have to read it; but the theme alone may throw a good deal of light. Briefly, it is a study in defeat. The "hero" is a good Frenchman—even a defiant Frenchman. His defiance lands him in jail, and there he falls in with a collaborator. Always till now, he has denounced collaboration as the last infamy; but then the fruits were not within his reach. He is a "little man," and hungry to boot... in short, he thoroughly adapts himself. But meaning no harm, and gravely hurt by the revilings of an old friend, after a black-market dinner. This incorruptible is quite sincere, but also green with envy, and with secret yearning for a chance to do likewise. Yet at the bottom of their hearts, both are ardent patriots. The whole thing keeps an air of farce. But it is too true, and much too deeply felt, to be at all funny.

"Aunt Zoë" is a proof of what can happen in families. An exuberant and feckless father, a devoted mother, a pack of children—a vicious gorgon of an aunt, with private means—and then a slight case of murder, happily absorbed and preying only on the weak-spirited. If any of the tales can be said to rollick, this is the one. But I think its lighter side would come off better in French.

In "The Parrot," murder is not accidental but a trade. At least, the hero started with that design, only to realise that he is not cut out for it. Though rather late in the day—when he has bashed an old woman for her savings, with her parrot as witness. However, one experiment in crime, one bad mistake, can surely be written off, and he has learnt a lesson which will make a new man of him. In fact, it does, for nearly ten years. Then, on his first encounter with a parrot, the lid blows off.

These tales, although sensational in form, are stuffed with "criticism of life"; and in "The Buried Treasure" there is nothing else. It gives us the anatomy of old age, in the guise of a parable. An old man, digging in his garden for a secret hoard, is also looking back on the past, and feeling every symptom of the present in mind and body. And as he digs, a final truth lies in wait for him: illusion is the very mainspring of life.

Exhilarating, no. But rich, inventive and full of matter.

"On a Darkling Plain," by Phoebe Fenwick Gaye (Cape; 12s. 6d.), is the concluding volume of a trilogy and of a family saga. Also, it is a map of Europe in the 'nineties (mainly political), a story of romantic love, and a kind of ghost-story. And all of it except the love grows out of the past. Certainly one can enjoy this volume on its own merits, but the phrase "complete in itself" is going too far. Anyone who didn't read "The French Prisoner" and "Louisa Vandervoord," or can't remember them distinctly (and books do fade), will feel at a disadvantage.

Still, there is much to charm. At the beginning of this last act, Louisa Vandervoord is passing from the scene at a ripe old age. Her children are the Cosmopolitans, the railway kings who have united half Europe, and spread their dynasty about the globe. And now her children's children take up the story. Her son, "the English Davison," has twin daughters, a beauty and an ugly duckling. At twenty-one, the beauty has already made a good match: while Vinnie, the perverse and quiet, has lost her heart to a fugitive. And so their destinies are fixed—though Vinnie keeps her own counsel, though years go by, and Eugene never writes and may be long dead. She is the eccentric of the clan, with no desire but to wait and paint—and to preserve her solitude.

Then comes the Balkan railway scheme. It marks the end of an era, the twilight of the Cosmopolitans. But for the much-enduring Vinnie and her lost love it is the gateway to reunion.

A surface of mobility and bustle, a core of pensive-ness: and great charm of style.

"Fare Forward, Travellers!", by Frank Hewitt (Evans; 9s. 6d.), is the story of a Transatlantic flight from New York. By which I mean that half the emphasis is on the journey itself, with all its details and sensations. This mode of novel-writing is agreeably simple-hearted, and I must say it is not dull.

And then we have the human formula, the group-thrown-together. Its tragi-comic hero is Edgar Baty, a manufacturer from Bradford, homespun and slow of thought—and in the circumstances half-demented. For he can't shake off Deirdre Clump. Edgar has never had a mistress before; and for his solitary drunken lapse he had to choose a millionaire's widow, much-divorced and ruthlessly attached to her prey. The chief supporting figures are a speculator from the Mid-West, and an exalted revolutionary thug from "somewhere abroad." On Edgar in his desperation, this Werner Atlas exerts a powerful charm. He obviously understands killing, and would make no bones about it; and since Edgar has resolved to kill Mrs. Clump—for what else can he do with her?—he longs to absorb these attributes. But it is all a comic nightmare, and it ends—not too badly.

The content of the book is very thin, its people are mostly cardboard; and yet the whole story is enjoyable, with plenty of fun and feeling.

"No Duty on a Corpse," by Max Murray (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.), features another Transatlantic journey, this time by sea, and in the opposite direction. The corpse is Leonora Blith, the unpleasant secretary of an old woman in the Cotswolds, lately deceased. This social menace kept a diary, and Leonora had it on board—thus giving a sufficiency of motive to nearly everyone. The unofficial sleuth is young Peter Almsford, and the flavour is light but dry, a true champagne quality. Love interest, yes, but with a sparkle; a neat, light style, and just the recommendable degree of wit and sophistication. K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE LITERARY GREAT.

THE first time I ever heard the late Philip Guedalla lecture was some twenty-two years ago at Oxford. In the course of his lecture he was sarcastic at the expense of D. H. Lawrence, then much in vogue with all Left-thinking members of the intelligentsia. At question-time an earnest and ecstatic young female undergraduate (probably from Somerville) leapt up and said, "But surely even Mr. Guedalla would admit that D. H. Lawrence has enlarged the whole scope of the modern novel?" With that characteristic backwards and sideways tilt of the head and looking at the ceiling, Philip appeared to consider the point. "Yes," he said. "Yes. I suppose you could—in the sense that you could talk of 'enlarging the whole scope of a house' by taking the lavatory door off its hinges." That was (and is) one view of Lawrence. The opposite is contained (one might almost say enshrined) in the monumentally silly claim in the publisher's blurb of "Portrait of a Genius, But . . .", by Richard Aldington (Heinemann; 15s.). "There is no English writer of this century whose books are more assured of immortality than D. H. Lawrence." Mr. Aldington has written far too good, too intelligent, and too sensitive and sensible a biography of Lawrence for it to be necessary to gild the lily in this sorry way. Was Lawrence a genius? Mr. Aldington seems to think so—though by the end of the book I was not quite clear on what grounds he came to this conclusion. Genius does not consist in the mere fact of having T.B. and dying comparatively young (though the febrile energy, the sense of being consumed by an inner fire which so often goes with that disease, may create an illusion of it). It does not consist in having violent and tempestuous loves and hates or an out-pouring in conversation or on paper of entrancing, or maddening, or extravagant thoughts. In what, then, does it consist in Lawrence's case? In the novels? But although we must set on one side the "little-boy-writing-rude-words-on-a-wall" attitude (which were the by-products of Lawrence's upbringing and his disease) as unimportant and admit that there are elements of greatness in the novels, they are not likely (*pace* Mr. Heinemann) to live, except as curiosities, at any rate, in the land of the tongue in which they have been written. In the poems? Yes. Here I think Mr. Aldington is on happier ground. There is something in many of the poems, something dæmonic, something "of the earthy un-earthly" (if one may put it like that) which might support the claim. For the rest, Mr. Aldington's book is a fascinating psychological study of this strange, charming, impossible creature who, had he lived to this day, would, I believe, have been a kind of Tory anarchist.

Certainly there appears to have been no trace of genius in Lawrence's conversation, which varied from the admirable, but unpractical ("Let there be a parliament of men and women for the careful and gradual unmaking of laws"), to the plain ordinary plumb silly and contradictory. The absurdly provocative way he behaved to the security authorities in the First World War and his hysterical reaction when those unimaginative gentry lumbered to the conclusions he flaunted at them was rather that of a male suffragette who, having scratched a bobby's face or pricked him with a hat-pin, shrieks, "Let me go, you great brute! How dare you touch a woman!" However, you should get this necessary and important book.

My friend, J. B. Morton ("Beachcomber," of the *Daily Express*), somewhere has a little poem which ends:

"across the steppes without a pause
They stumbled growing wearier
Those footling and colossal bores."

I fear I cannot recall whether "they" were Ibsen and Chekov, or Dostoevsky and Chekov. I will allow him the first pair, but I must except Dostoevsky, whose genius is as uncontestable as that of Lawrence is debatable. Two excellent and analytical books on Dostoevsky have just appeared. They are "Dostoevsky: The Making of a Novelist," by Professor Ernest Simmons (John Lehmann; 18s.), and "Characters of Dostoevsky," by Richard Curle (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.).

Professor Simmons' book is the bigger book of the two—and perhaps the heavier reading. But his painstaking dissection of the great Russian novelist will be welcomed by the student and the general reader. The quiet irony (or so I take it to be) with which he describes modern Soviet writers' attempts to claim Dostoevsky, the conservative, the Tsarist, the upholder of the Orthodox Church, as one of the intellectual precursors of the Communist revolution, is delightful. Mr. Curle's book adopts a slightly more particularised method than that of Professor Simmons. He takes each of the characters in turn, segregates them, analyses them; and, with a rare skill, manages to do so without destroying his criticism of the whole novel which by implication is his theme. His analysis of Raskolnikov in "Crime and Punishment" and his duel with the strange, inhuman-human character, Porphyry Petrovitch, who wears him down in one of the first great portrayals of the psychological detective, should send those who have not yet read a line of Dostoevsky to their booksellers and those who have back to their shelves.

"Chekov in My Life," by Lydia Avilov (John Lehmann; 10s. 6d.), has as a sub-title "A Love Story." It is a description by an old lady, who died in 1942 at the age of seventy-eight, of her meetings with Anton Chekov. The record she gives of her Schwärmerei—I am sorry I have spent so much space on the Slavs that I have left myself virtually none for a Western European of genius. "The Letters of Gustave Flaubert" (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 12s. 6d.), with an introduction by Richard Rumbold, show a different Flaubert from the Flaubert of the "mot juste," the Flaubert who wrote "I spent five days on one page [of *Madame Bovary*] last week." Instead, we have a lively, spontaneous Flaubert with a pretty and malicious wit. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

A GAME from the Midland Championship at Easter. My opponent is a Buxton amateur who played in the last British Championship.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
B. H. Wood.	A. Phillips.	B. H. Wood.	A. Phillips.
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	4. Q-B2	P-Q4
2. P-QB4	P-K3	5. P-QR3	B-K2
3. Kt-QB3	B-Kt5		

Usual and undoubtedly better is 5. . . B×Ktch; 6. Q×B, Kt-K5.

Black changes back into an ordinary queen's gambit in which he has made me a present of the move 5. P-QR3, because his bishop could, of course, have gone to K2 in one move only instead of two.

6. Kt-B3	QKt-Q2	7. B-B4	Kt-R4
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Black does not capture with 7. . . P×P at once because of the reply 8. P-K4, Kt-Kt3; 9. Kt-QKt5. But now . . . P×P is in the air. A critical stage has been reached. In this tournament I had won two games of over seventy moves, stubborn positional struggles, avoiding all risk. But here I realised that an entirely different type of game was shaping. 8. P-K3, Kt×B; 9. P×Kt, P×P; 10. B×P would smash up my pawn position but leave me with four pieces in good play, against my opponent's two in bad play. By speedy development and direct attack the advantage in development might be converted into a quick win, whereas anything quiet would allow Black to make up his leeway. So . . .

8. P-K3	Kt×B	10. B×P	Castles (K)
9. P×Kt	P×P	11. Castles (Q)	P-QB3

A better move than it looks, blocking Black's Q4 effectively and threatening 12. . . P-QKt4; 13. B-R2, P-Kt5, forcing open the QKt file. White's reply not only takes the QKt into the direct attack on the king but, by removing it from QB3, enables . . . P-QKt5 to be answered by P-QR4, keeping the queen's side closed.

12. Kt-K4	Kt-B3	15. Kt-K5	B-K1
13. Kt(4)-Kt5	P-Kt4	16. P-KR4	
14. B-R2	B-Q2		

This would always have been the answer to . . . P-KR3—do you see why? As Black's KKtP can be forced forward to KKt3, 16. P-KR4 offers the best way of developing White's KR.

	16. P-QR4	18. P-R5	Q-Q4
17. B-Kt1	P-KKt3	19. P×P	BP×P

Given the respite of a casual move or two, Black, by . . . P-R5 and . . . P-Kt5; or . . . P-B4, could himself attack White's king. Not a moment may be wasted; that is why some players are not happy in this type of position, preferring an advantage, even though smaller, of a more solid type and a less tense, whilst more laborious, struggle. But as I mentioned in a previous article, to have special predilections is to have chinks in your armour—you must try to be equally at home in every type of position. Here we find there is a combination which clinches the issue immediately.

20. Kt×RP!	Kt×Kt	21. Kt×KtP	R-B2
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After 21. . . B×Kt; 22. Q×Bch, Black would be mated. 21. . . R-B2 is forced but allows us to recover our piece remaining two pawns up, with Black's king stripped of all pawn shelter. We are beginning to enjoy this combinative attacking play but, analysing ahead, perceive that it has yielded all it can. So on move 25 we offer to exchange queens and transpose into a dull endgame; the fact that this would be quite hopeless for Black, making him worsen his own queen's position to avoid it. Once again we cash-in on our readiness to accept any type of play. If we tried to finish the game by continuing the attack at all costs, we might find our task much harder.

22. Kt×Bch	R×Kt	25. Q-B5	B-Q2
23. R×Kt	QR-R2	26. B-R2	B-Kt3!
24. R×R	R×R	27. P-B5	Resigns

If 27. . . B×P?, 28. Q×B; if 27. . . B-B2; 28. P-B6, R-K1; 29. Q-Kt5ch.

it can hardly, on the face of it, be dignified with the title of a love-affair as they appear never even to have kissed—for Anton Chekov extends over ten years, almost to the playwright's early death. In its insipid way it has a certain charm, and those who have found the Slavs hard going may be comforted by the fact—told by Mme. Avilova—that the Russian audience at the first night of "The Seagull" nearly died of misplaced laughter.

I am sorry I have spent so much space on the Slavs that I have left myself virtually none for a Western European of genius. "The Letters of Gustave Flaubert" (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 12s. 6d.), with an introduction by Richard Rumbold, show a different Flaubert from the Flaubert of the "mot juste," the Flaubert who wrote "I spent five days on one page [of *Madame Bovary*] last week." Instead, we have a lively, spontaneous Flaubert with a pretty and malicious wit. E. D. O'BRIEN.

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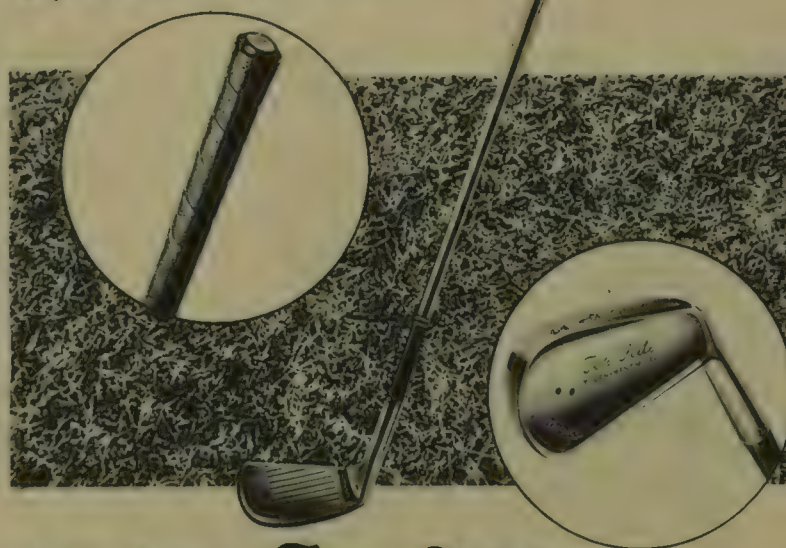
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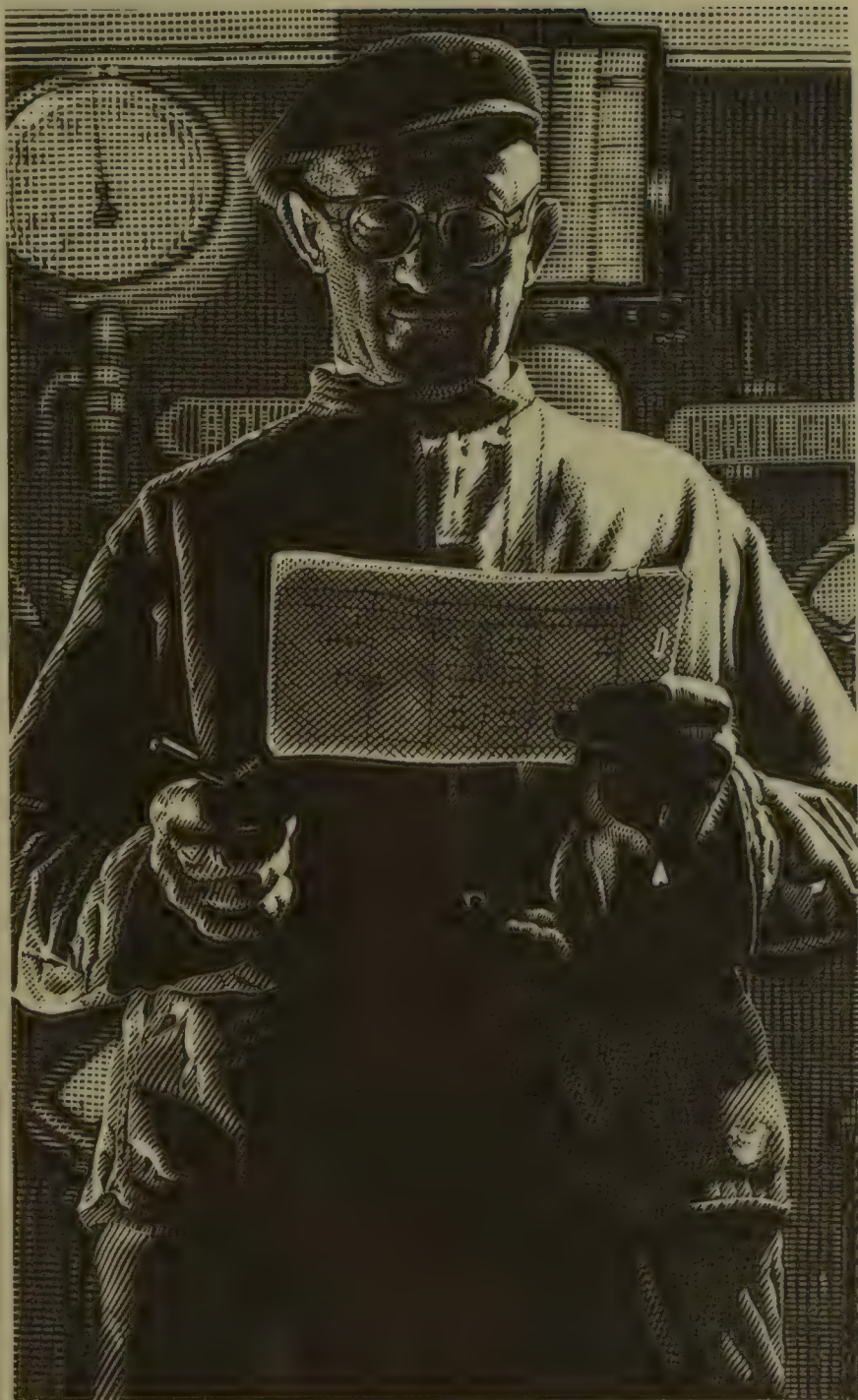
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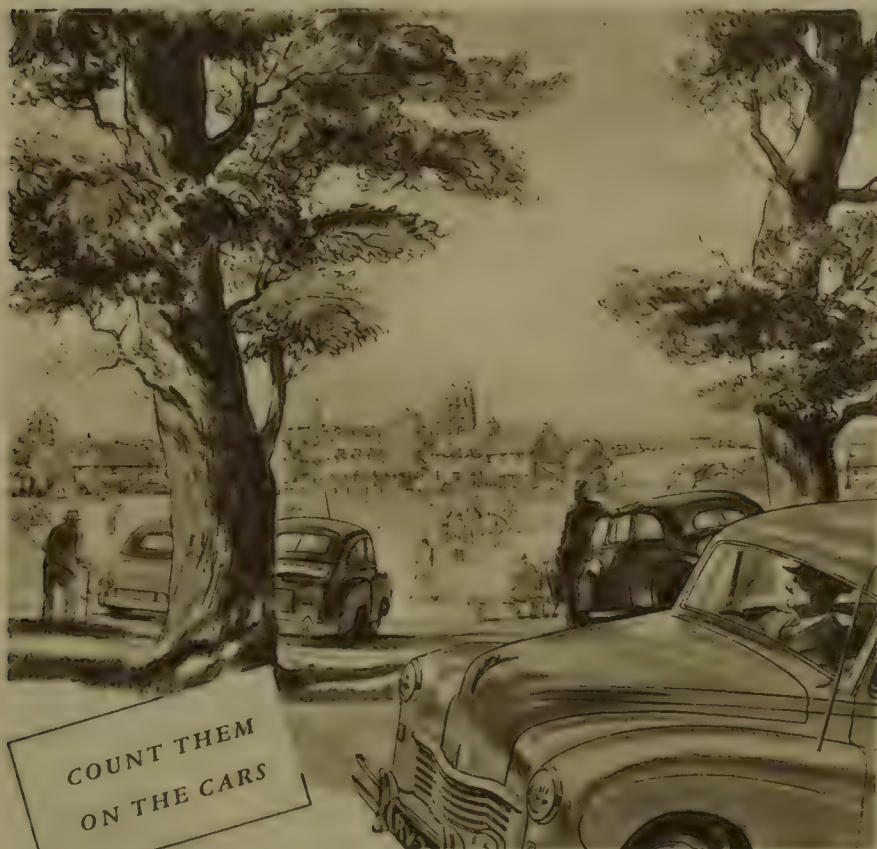
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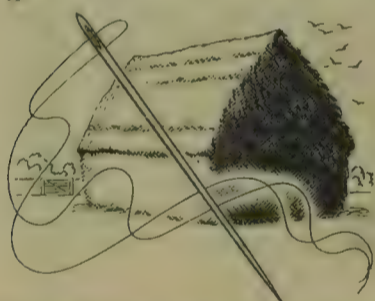
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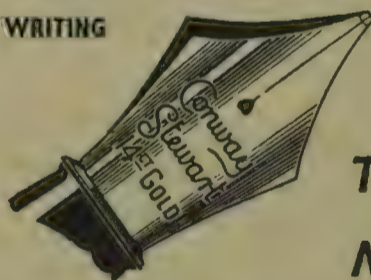
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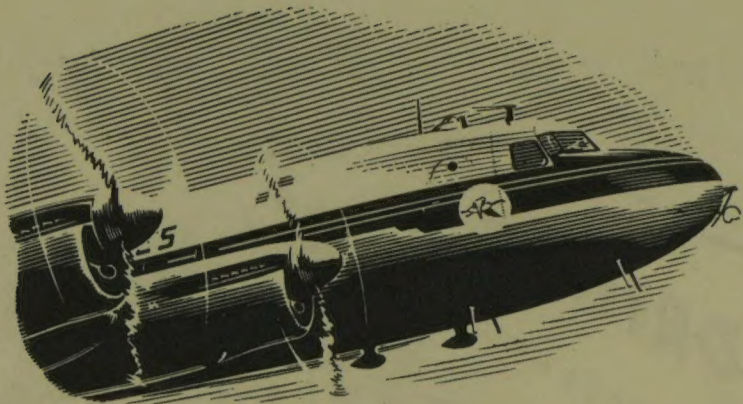
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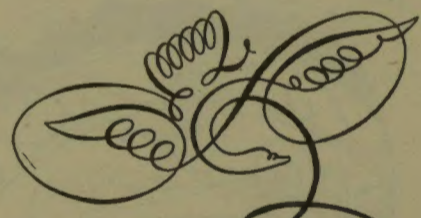
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